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[THE BYSTANDER October 19, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 19—October 25

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30.

BEHIND THE BLINDS.—A new comedy of flat-life with Barrie Livesey: Winter Garden, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her shrewd portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Robert Morley's comedy with Hugh Sinclair and Jill Furse is produced by Tyrone Guthrie: Vaudeville, 8.15.

HAMLET.—The Old Vic company in a Guthrie modern-dress production; Alec Guinness as the Prince: Old Vic, 7.15 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 1.45.

THE LAST TRUMP.—An end of the world theme by James Bridie shows Seymour Hicks as a hard financier, Hazel Terry as a hard girl, Cecil Trouncer as (usual) a doctor: Duke of York's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of middle-class matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SHE TOO WAS YOUNG.—Impeccable period (1870) atmosphere and sympathetic parts for Esmé Percy, Marie Ney, Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy Hyson, Ann Todd: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TREE OF EDEN.—Louise Hampton, Sebastian Shaw, Lilli Palmer, in a "Tempest" theme up to date: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by Frank Pettingell, Helena Pickard and others: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE WHITE GUARD.—How the last poor remains of Tsarism are submerged in the Red waves; exciting, tragic; Peggy Ashcroft, George Devine, Marius Goring: Phœnix, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart, Scarlatti and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Kempinski's New Décor

Puppet figures decorate the walls of Kempinski's restaurant. Thy are the work of Fritz Lowen, seen here with a jovial Gastwirt; some more of his puppets have danced on the "Bystander" cover for the last few months

REVUDEVILLE NO. 110.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

DANGEROUS CORNER.—Priestley's play has Ruth Lodge, Catherine Lacey, Robert Harris, Stephen Murray: Westminster, to-night, 19th.

OSCAR WILDE.—Norman Marshall's production at the Arts, Tues., 25th.

CINEMAS

ABUS DE CONFIANCE (French).—Henri Decoin directed his wife, Danielle Darrieux, and Charles Vanel in this: Studio One.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (American).—Errol Flynn is just the man for Robin, Basil Rathbone is the wicked Sir Guy, Olivia de Havilland is Marian, in Warner's super-pseudo-English historical: Warner.

ALGIERS (American).—Charles Boyer, Sigrid Gurie and Hedy Lamarr in the Hollywood re-make of *Pépé le Moko*: Marble Arch Pavilion.

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND (American).—This picture tells how a young violinist rises to fame in swing music: thirty songs by Irving Berlin incorporated: Regal.

THE CHEAT (French).—Anglicised version of Sacha Guitry's *Roman d'un Tricheur*: Gaumont.

FLASHBACKS.—Cochran has assembled a priceless selection of antique films: Palace Theatre.

GOLDWYN FOLLIES (American) and FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER (American).—Vera Zorina in one, Loretta Young in the other: Tivoli.

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME (American).—Ginger Rogers is a fifty-week a year typist, but this deals with her meeting with Fairbanks, Junior, in the other two: Plaza.

MADEMOISELLE MA MÈRE (French).—Not up to the standard we expect from France or La Darrieux; a crazy marriage comedy: Berkeley.

PRISON SANS BARREAUX (French).—Corinne Luchaire heads the reformatory girls in a Venice prize-winning film, whose English version is at the London Pavilion: Academy.

PRISON WITHOUT BARS (British).—Edna Best, Barry Barnes, and Corinne Luchaire, with three or four English starlets, in a reformatory setting: London Pavilion.

PYGMALION (British).—Leslie Howard as Higgins, Wendy Hiller as Eliza in Shaw's own adaptation of his play: Leicester Square.

ST. MARTIN'S LANE (British).—Charles Laughton is a theatre busker, Vivien Leigh a guttersnipe who becomes a stage star, in this very English film: Carlton.

SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS (British).—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook repeat their parts of *Victoria the Great* in Herbert Wilcox's re-made historical: Odeon.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Walt Disney's full-length cartoon from the Grimm tale is gripping: New Gallery.

THE STRANGE MONSIEUR VICTOR (French).—Raimu in a sinister Jekyll and Hyde rôle, with Pierre Blanchar: Curzon.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE (American).—Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in a worthy successor to *Test Pilot*; fast and thrilling tale of a news-cameraman: Empire.

OPERA and BALLET

THE ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY AT COVENT GARDEN, with the L.P.O.:

CAVALLERIA AND PAGLIACCI.—To-night, 19th, 8.
THE SERF.—Thurs., 20th, 8.
TRISTAN.—Fri., 21st, 6.30.
FAUST (Gounod).—Sat., 22nd, 2.15.
MADAME BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 22nd, 8.30.
RIGOLETTO.—Mon., 24th, 8.
DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Tues., 25th, 8.15.

SADLER'S WELLS:

FAUST, with BALLET.—To-night, 19th, 8.
EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES, SYLPHIDES, CHECKMATE.—Thurs., 20th, 8.30.
MADAME BUTTERFLY.—Fri., 21st, 8.
RIGOLETTO.—Sat., 22nd, 2.30.
LA BOHÈME.—Sat., 22nd, 8.
CARMEN.—Tues., 25th, 8.

MUSIC

Recitals and Chamber Music

THE MENGES QUARTET.—Continue their series of Beethoven string quartets at the Wigmore Hall: Op. 18, No. 1, Grosse Fugue, Op. 130, Fri., 21st, 8.15; Op. 132, Op. 59, No. 3, Tues., 25th, 8.15.

SZIGETI.—His only recital this season, assisted by the Boyd Neel orchestra: Palladium, Sun., 23rd, 8.15.

Orchestral

B.B.C. ORCHESTRA.—Boult conducts in a Brahms' concert; Academic Festival overture, piano concerto in B flat (Myra Hess), 1st Symphony: Queen's Hall, to-night, 19th, 8.15.

THE L.S.O.—A Beethoven concert under Georg Szell; Coriolan overture, piano concerto in G (Moiseiwitsch), 5th Symphony: Queen's Hall, Mon., 24th, 8.15.

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The Bystander

Angus McBean

Vivien Leigh, Laughton's Leading Lady

In *St. Martin's Lane*, Mayflower's new film which has its premiere at the Carlton to-night, Vivien Leigh plays a London gamine who is rescued from the gutter by Charles Laughton, a queue entertainer. Only thus far does the film resemble *Pygmalion*, for it goes on to tell how the gamine makes good in the environs of Shaftesbury Avenue, while her rescuer remains with the queue waiting to see her play. Miss Leigh, more than ever established as a film star after *A Yank at Oxford*, was to be seen on the stage in *Serena Blandish*, which opened the present Gate Theatre season but has now given way to *Private History*

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 92

Compton Mackenzie

COMPTON MACKENZIE, author of the *Windsor Tapestry*, was born in West Hartlepool, the son of Edward Compton and Virginia Bateman, and in consequence the brother of Fay Compton. He comes of a long line of stage folk and writers, and everything pointed to a stage career for him. When he was an undergraduate at Oxford playing Shakespeare with the O.U.D.S., Arthur Bourchier came round and promptly offered him a seven-years' contract beginning at £500 a year and rising to £2000. He refused. He wanted to write, and did so. But his first novel, *The Passionate Elopement*, went the round of practically every publisher in the country, a process which lasted a year. At the end of that period, his father, who had been allowing him £150 a year, told him that he must earn a livelihood. So he went on the stage, his first part being that of a priest giving absolution to Bransby Williams in *The Bishop's Son*, at the Garrick. This ran exactly one week, but his salary was £10. His only other stage appearance was in the dramatisation of *Carnival* in the United States. Here he played the juvenile lead, getting £25 a week. This ran exactly a month. But I imagine no other actor has ever made £110 in his first and only five weeks of acting. In the meantime *The Passionate Elopement* was published, and sold 15,000 copies straight off the reel. Since then it has done 700,000. Then came *Sinister Street*, and soon afterwards the war. As a kid of seventeen, Compton Mackenzie had obtained a commission in the 1st Hertfords, being probably the youngest man alive to hold the old Queen's Commission. This time he entered the Marines, and was correcting the proofs of *Guy and Pauline* at Gallipoli. Soon he was appointed to the Intelligence branch at Athens. Here he had a marvellous time. Everything was sinister and exciting. But it must have preyed on his nerves. For he retired after the war to a series of islands, and it took him, he says, ten years to recover from the strain.

JETHOU, Herm, and Eilean Aigas were followed by Barra, the southernmost island in the Outer Hebrides, as his consecutive homes. Compton Mackenzie has loved islands ever since he was a child, making sand castles and a moat round them on the shore. It is no latent monarchical feeling either that gives him this passion, which had been previously aroused by a visit to Capri before the war and his stay at Syra in the Ægean during part of the war. He regards an island as an ideal place for a writer—a microcosm with a beginning and an end all nicely rounded off like a good plot in a good novel. He thinks, too, that it enables him to focus the rest of the world more easily instead of sprawling mentally everywhere. His London home is a cottage in the Vale of Health at Hampstead. Here he is busy writing *The West Wind of Love*, the third of four volumes which began with *The South Wind of Love*. It takes him five or six months to write a novel. He writes it all in long-hand. But he never starts before 5 p.m., and expects to have written 1000 words before dinner. After his meal, which is always teetotal when he is in the middle of a book, he starts again, and if things go well is still writing hard at 4 a.m. He insists, however, on eight hours' sleep each night, and therefore is seldom called before midday.

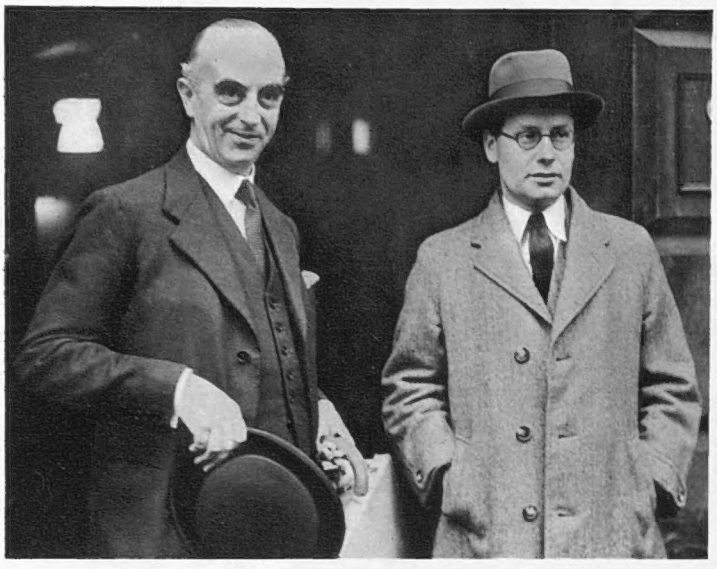
COMPTON MACKENZIE loves parties, and claims that he has never been bored in his life. Not once, he says, has he ever wondered what to do for the next ten minutes. Frequently he writes to chamber music from the wireless or from gramophone records. He finds that music "occupies the waste space of the mind which might otherwise be subconsciously thinking of unpaid bills and so on." Fortunately, but also deliberately, he has acquired an extraordinary memory, which he exercises as a singer will run off his scales. For example, he will memorise the top names of a number of pages in *Who's Who* and then repeat them to himself; or perhaps seventy words of Gaelic. He is, by the way, one of the founders of the National Scottish Movement. I may add that he always writes in an armchair with a special desk in front of him, and his left arm is still stiff from picking up innumerable volumes of *Hansard* for reference in the compilation of the *Windsor Tapestry*. He has been married thirty-three years—to the sister of Christopher Stone. For fifteen years he has been editor and part owner of *The Gramophone*, which sells 12,000 copies a month. Five years ago he was in the dock at the Old Bailey in connection with the publication of his *Greek Memories*, to which M 15 took exception. He is superstitious, handsome, and fond of flying. But having written many of the lyrics and potted plays for Pelissier's Follies as a youth, he still feels surfeited with the theatre, though he likes French films.

Charles Graves

"Old Bill" and the Legion

Specially drawn for the BYSTANDER *by Bruce Bairnsfather*

"I knows it 's a long way to Tipperary, but it 's nothin' to tryin' to get to Czechoslovakia"



Sir Harold MacMichael, *High Commissioner for Palestine, returned to London last week for talks with H.M. Government on the Arab-Jew question; here with Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Colonial Secretary. As occupier of Government House, Jerusalem, Sir Harold is in proconsular succession to Pilate*

The Hamilton-Stack wedding *at Glasgow Cathedral last Saturday was preceded by a pre-wedding party at Claridge's, given by the bridegroom's mother, the Duchess of Hamilton. Among guests were a party of public schoolboys who accompanied Lord David Douglas-Hamilton on the School Empire Tour to South Africa in 1937 — here with him and his fiancée, Prunella Stack*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

UNDER the Munich agreement, an International Commission sat at once in Berlin to delimit the new German-Czech frontier. That Commission, which consisted of the British, French, and Italian Ambassadors, the Czech Minister, and Herr von Ribbentrop, has now finished its work. It has drawn the new frontier almost exactly on the lines of the notorious Godesberg map. In some places Germany gets less than Godesberg, in some places more. On balance, Germany gets more than she actually demanded.

THE Czechs accepted the new frontier. How could they not accept it? The Commission thereupon decided that, as the Czechs had accepted, there was no necessity to hold any plebiscites. More and more of the advantages gained at Munich have thus been whittled away, until it is becoming very difficult to see exactly what the difference is between the Godesberg "peace" and the Munich peace.

THE latest crisis in the Danube valley is the breaking-off of the Hungarian-Czech discussions and the reports, just received as I write and, I sincerely trust, false, that Hungary is mobilising. By the Munich agreement, Britain and France "guarantee" the new frontiers of Czechoslovakia at once, and Germany and Italy join in the guarantee as soon as the claims of Poland and Hungary have been satisfied. Suppose Hungary does mobilise, and suppose she does march into Czechoslovakia. Does the guarantee mean that we at once declare war on Hungary? Or what does it mean? Or does it mean anything?

HERR HITLER'S speech at Saarbrücken came as a nasty surprise to all of us who had hoped that Munich had laid the foundations for Anglo-German co-operation. It seemed to contain a warning against the reconstruction of the British Cabinet on any lines that Berlin disapproved of. And it also suggested that Berlin does not like the new intensive rearmament of Britain. It was under pressure from Signor Mussolini that Mr. Eden was dropped from the Cabinet. It is going to be a bit of a bore for self-respecting citizens of this country if Berlin as well as Rome has to be consulted by Downing Street before Cabinet appointments are made.

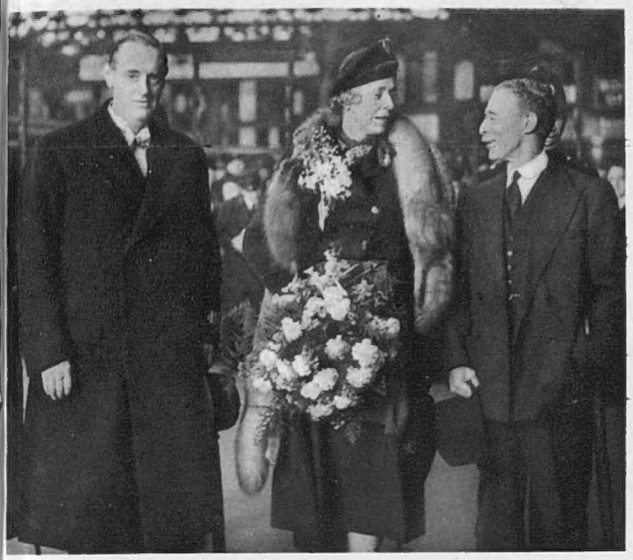
THE situation in Palestine has got past the stage when we can take the high moral line and try to settle the country with soft words. Palestine, with its oil pipe-line from Mosul and its naval base at Haifa, must be considered now solely as a part of the strategy of the Empire. In European affairs we have got our backs to the wall, and we cannot afford to compromise on our hold of the eastern Mediterranean. The Arab terrorists must be dealt with ruthlessly and quickly.

AS so often happens in an industrial dispute, it is the general public which mainly suffers. The porters at St. Pancras and Euston may or may not have a genuine grievance. I don't know, but whether they have or not, it comes pretty hard on travellers, especially women, who have to hump their heavy baggage themselves. I often wish that after a strike of this sort is over, the travelling public would declare, say, for a fortnight, a no-tipping strike.

MR. HORE-BELISHA'S reforms of the Territorial Army are all to the good. It was always absurd that the organisation and equipment of the civilian army should for so long have been different from those of the Regular Army. The Territorials are now to have motor-bicycle battalions, anti-tank units, light and heavy tank units, light and heavy machine-guns, eight-gun batteries of artillery, and five complete anti-aircraft divisions. The entire anti-aircraft defence of the country is now in the care of the Territorials, and so they are a pretty important body.

LORD WINTERTON, the lively Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, is in favour of publishing the names of those who are unwilling to make sacrifices for the defence of the country. He particularly singles out "people of both sexes with nothing whatever to do who fail to offer their services for A.R.P. work," and also employers who refuse to help those who work for them to join the Territorials, and landowners who object to army manœuvres because they might frighten their pheasants. It is a good idea, and Lord Winterton might also add the names of people who have been profiteering in sandbags and who have been hoarding food.

DURING the crisis the Office of Works found time to issue its report on Bird Life in the Royal Parks during 1937. There is a lot of fun in this report. An elderly cormorant, for instance, whose wife had recently died, caused a grave scandal in St. James's Park by making eyes at the wife of a neighbour, and a lonely Carolina duck in Greenwich Park was suddenly consoled by the unexpected arrival of two Carolina drakes, and the report discreetly hopes that one of them will accept her as a mate. In Greenwich Park, also, the last Muscovy duck died from an enlarged liver. On June 6th of last year at Hampton Court a turtle-



***A notable departure** last week was of the Viceroy and Vicereine of India, Lord and Lady Linlithgow, who were seen off at Victoria after their four months' furlough in Great Britain by Lord Zetland. The committee on India Defence headed by Lord Chatfield will follow next Wednesday*

***The new Lord Mayor of London** will be Sir Frank Bowater, seen with his wife at their Chester Square home. A Manchester man, seventy-two years old, he is a member of the paper-making family founded by an Alderman of the City three hundred years ago*

***The present Lord Mayor,** Sir Harry Twyford, left by air last week for Czechoslovakia with the High Commissioner for Refugee Areas, Sir Neil Malcolm (left) to administer his fund for distress in the amputated republic*

dove was heard. It is, I think, a remarkable example of the calmness of our great bureaucratic machine that in the midst of a world crisis its thoughts can turn to turtle-doves.

LORD HAWKE was one of the two strongest influences in modern cricket. Lord Harris was the other. Lord Hawke practically created the modern professional out of the rather rough material which he found when he took up the captaincy of the Yorkshire eleven. The pre-Hawke professional was a picturesque tough with plenty of character and individuality. The modern professional is a suave, polished gentleman, sartorially immaculate, and almost all of a type.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has finally refused to hear Tom Mooney's appeal against the sentence of imprisonment passed on him more than twenty years ago. For years now everyone has known that Mooney was "framed." One of the chief witnesses against him was convicted of perjury and two others have recanted. But the general opinion in the State of California is that Mooney is a Communist and ought to be in jail, anyway, irrespective of decency or justice.

MISS PATRICIA HAYES, who walked away with Mr. Priestley's new play, *When We Are Married*, was "discovered" by Mr. Priestley at the Players' Theatre Club when she was doing a turn in the *Joys*, the Club's cabaret show. He saw the turn and at once wrote in a part for her in his play. The audience and the critics were unanimous in thinking that he had been very wise.

SCOTLAND used to be a great place for Biblical Christian names. In fact, there once was a gent. called Obadiah Bind-their-princes-with-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron Smith, or words to that effect. According to the Registrar-General for Scotland this pleasing custom is dying out. Last year hardly a single infant was launched into a hard world under the name of Abner, Gideon, or Ezekiel. There wasn't a single Habakkuk among the lot. The most popular girls' names are now Sheila, Irene, Dorothy, Maureen, and June, which makes one think that, as a source of names, the screen is now mightier than the scripture. Poor old Jacky Calvin!

AFTER the crisis was over, and the country had settled down to its discussion of the rights and wrongs of the Government's policy, a friend of mine chanced to meet in the Brompton Road a taxi-driver friend of his. The driver, a gentleman of about seventy years of age, was taking a quiet constitutional with his wife, and looked exactly what he was, a typical Englishman of the old school, with tightly-buttoned overcoat and gloves and veteran bowler-hat. "Well, Mr. Blank," enquired my friend, "what do you think of it?" "I don't know, sir," replied the fellow. "But it isn't what I've been used to." Ghosts of Salisbury and Harcourt and Devonshire and Gladstone flickered for a moment in the air.

***Having a wonderful time** at Foyles' literary luncheon at Grosvenor House last week were Mistinguett and Charles Laughton, nor was Lupino Lane to be left out of the picture. Laughton and his wife were chief guests, the French vedette had flown from Paris to propose the Prime Minister's health, which she whimsically did*

The Lighter Side of the News

Self-Portering at St. Pancras

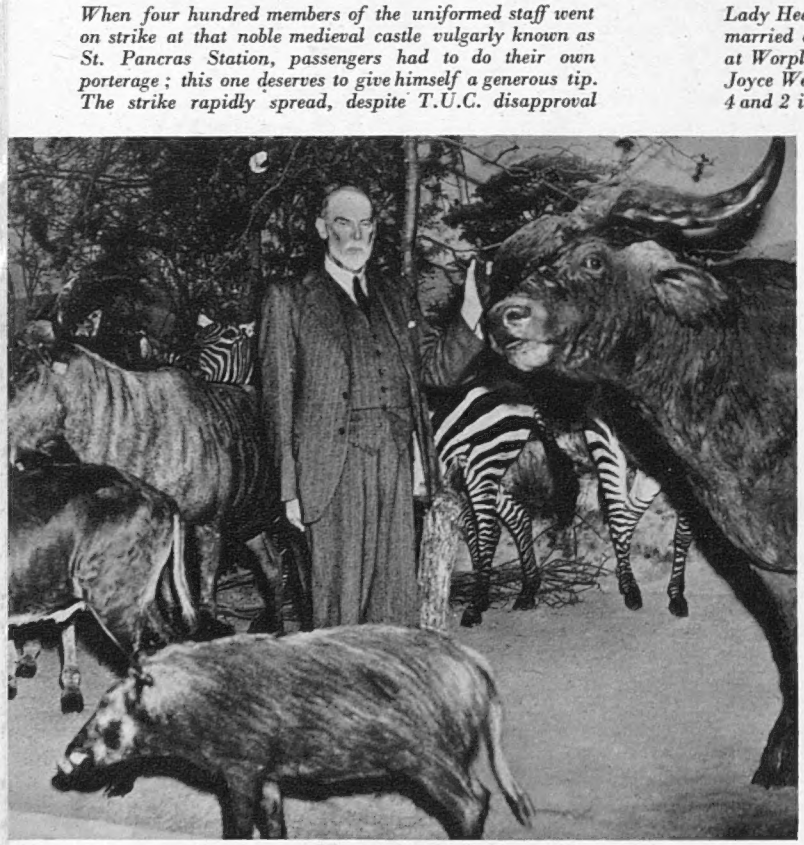
When four hundred members of the uniformed staff went on strike at that noble medieval castle vulgarly known as St. Pancras Station, passengers had to do their own porterage; this one deserves to give himself a generous tip. The strike rapidly spread, despite T.U.C. disapproval

In the Worplesdon Hinterland

Lady Heathcoat-Amory and her husband were one of several married couples fancied to win the open mixed foursomes at Worplesdon. But this nasty lie did not end the former Joyce Wethered's troubles, for she and Sir John Amory lost 4 and 2 in the fourth round to the youngest couple competing

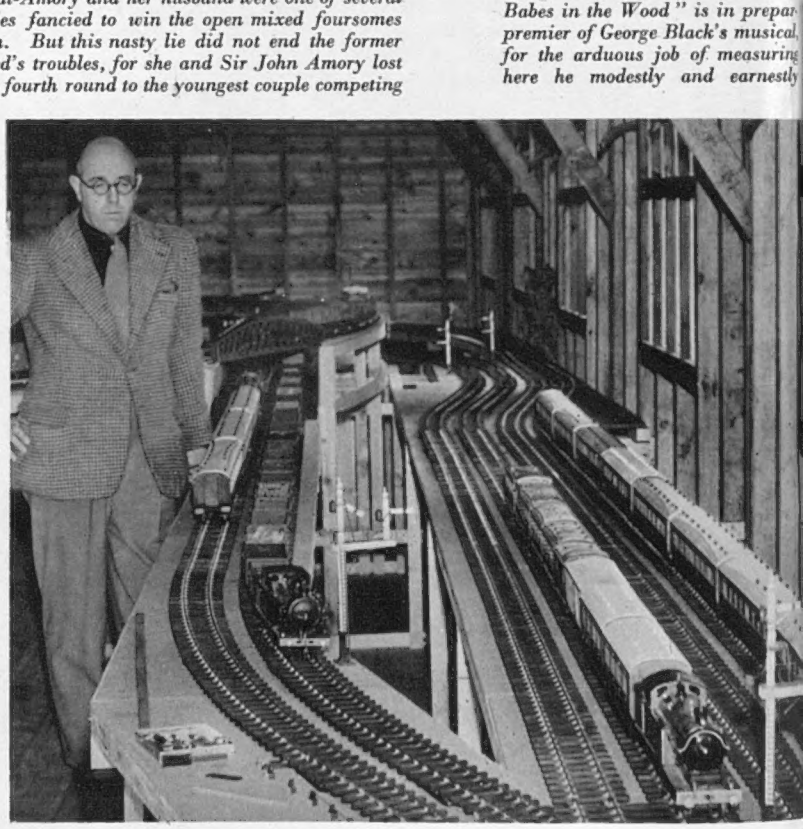
Checking Facts

Pre-pantomime season news come Babes in the Wood" is in prepar premier of George Black's musical for the arduous job of measurin here he modestly and earnestly



Big-Game Hunter at Seventy-Two

Eight specimens are wanting to complete the record of African big-game collected by Major P. H. G. Powell, seen here with some of his victims. So, although he is seventy-two, he intends to make the journey to Africa to get the missing animals. He will be accompanied by his daughter Antoinette



More Railways To Be Electrified

Lord Northesk combines hunting and Cresta-riding with a passion for model railways. At Shurlock Row, near Twyford, he has 2000 feet of model track, which he is now electrifying, because—it is reported—by the time his engines got steam up, the visitors had to leave

About Figures

from Drury Lane, where "The ation. Ralph Reader, the jeune "The Fleet's Lit Up," was chosen the chorus for their wardrobe; confines himself to the height

Motor Show Banquet

The annual banquet of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders was held at Grosvenor House on the eve of the Motor Show's opening, and there Lord Nuffield helped his neighbour, the Hon. Stanley Bruce, to wine, with great concentration. Mr. Bruce is High Commissioner for Australia

There's Many a Slip

His Excellency Ivan Maisky received a lesson in the use of chopsticks from his neighbour, Mme. Kuo. The occasion was a rice dinner at the Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury, to celebrate the Chinese Revolution in 1911. The Chinese Ambassador, Kuo Tai-chi, was present; so was Lord Cecil. The menu comprised only rice

Edward Lewis and Michal Hambourg were married at the Marylebone Register Office. He is an architect, son of the late Harry Lewis and Mrs. Lewis; she is the daughter of the pianist, Mark Hambourg (right), and the Hon. Mrs. Hambourg, who is a daughter of the late Lord Mackenzie of Muir

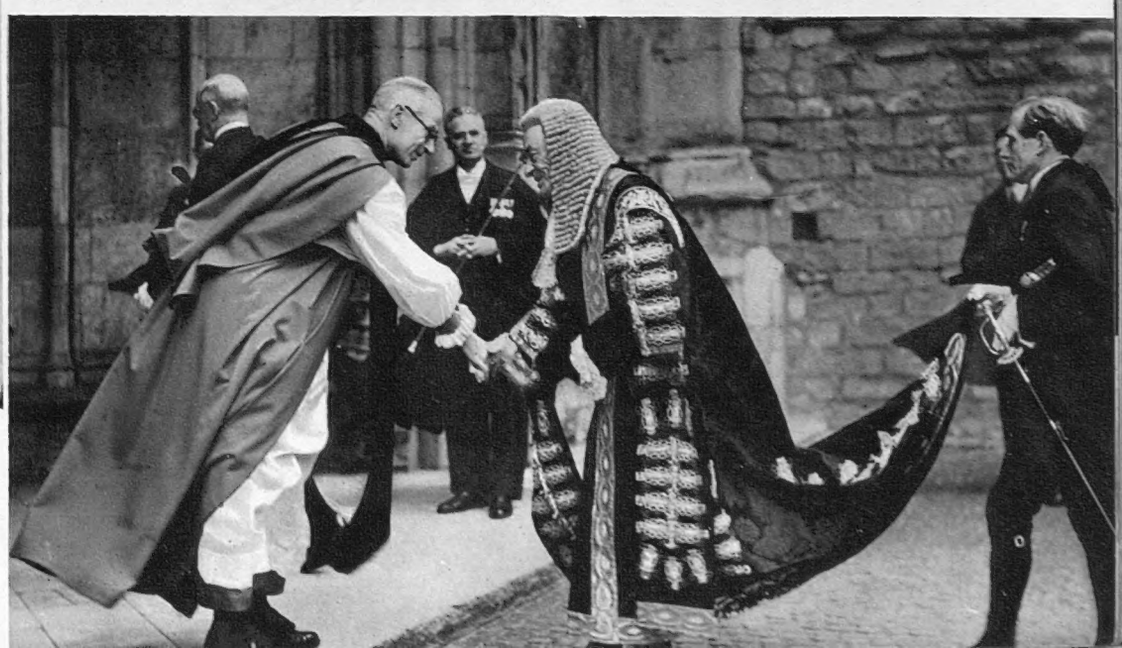
Mark Hambourg's Daughter Weds

Lord Maugham, Lord Hailsham's successor as Lord High Chancellor, was greeted at Westminster Abbey by the Dean, Dr. P. F. de Labillière, before the special service there on the opening of the Michaelmas law term. Afterwards their Lordships adjourned to the House of Lords for the Lord Chancellor's breakfast, a custom revived after eight years' abeyance

A New Judge

One of two new judges walking in the procession to Westminster Abbey last week was Mr. Roland Oliver, K.C., Recorder of Folkestone. His appointment to the High Court was announced at the same time as the creation of a permanent third Court of Appeal

Below: ***The Church Greets the Law***



Social Register

REGISTER OFFICE WEDDING

Miss Karr and Mr. Portman

Michael Berkeley Portman and Marjorie Karr, daughter of Mrs. Hans Blehr, of Bergen, Norway, were married at Marylebone register office. He is the second son of the Hon. Gerald Portman. His first wife, by whom he has two children, was Madeleine Charles. The marriage was dissolved in March

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHRISTENING

Anne Sarah Elizabeth Savile

Viscount Pollington, her father, and Lady Sarah Savile, her aunt and godmother, were holding Anne Sarah Elizabeth Savile outside the Brompton Oratory on the day of her christening. She is Lord and Lady Pollington's third child and first daughter. Lord Pollington is the Earl of Mexborough's only son

SCOTTISH ENGAGEMENT

Miss Ursula Watson

After their November wedding Ursula Watson are going to lothian. They went to see then lunched at the Stair is the Earl of Eglinton and is the Hon. Ronald and

RACING, ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

Miss Irene Mann-Thompson and Miss Sheila Price

Irene Mann-Thompson, gallantly hopping around on crutches with a heavily bandaged ankle, was at the Towcester steeplechase meeting, and here was talking to Sheila Price

The Countess of Haddington and Lady Ursula Manners

The United Border Hunts steeplechase meeting at Berrymoss, Kelso, brought out all the Border socialites, mostly in mackintoshes, like Lady Haddington and Lady Ursula Manners, who arrived together

Lord and

Two more Towcester Onslow's heir and his was born last March) olds, Dinah Brand and

and Lord Montgomerie

Lord Montgomerie and live at Oxenfoord, Mid- it together last week and Arms at Pathead. He Winton's son, and she Mrs. Watson's daughter

Lady Cranley

snapshots are of the Earl of wife (their son and heir and of two eighteen-year- Ursula Kenyon-Slaney

FAMILY OUTING

Mrs. Charles Sweeny and Frances

Mrs. Sweeny took her delightful small daughter Frances and her poodle and her Alsatian for a walk in Regent's Park. Frances was born in the summer last year. Her parents live in Sussex Place, looking out over the Park

SUB-DEBUTANTE AT HOME

Lady Gillian Windsor-Clive

The Earl and Countess of Plymouth's eldest daughter, sixteen this year, sat on the stairs with her dog, Jin Jin, at 15, Hyde Park Gardens. The photographer was there because her mother had an at-home and committee meeting (see below)

CHARITY COMMITTEE

Lady Aberdare, Lady Anne Rhys, Lady Waleran

These three went to Lady Plymouth's at-home in Hyde Park Gardens to discuss arrangements for the Welsh Fair to be held next week (25th and 26th) at the Portman Rooms, in aid of South Wales' distressed areas

CHARITY FILM PREMIERE

Lady Bridget Poulett and Mrs. Hartman

Lady Bridget Poulett, hair done on top of her head, was selling programmes at the gala premiere of "Robin Hood," which opened the new Warner Theatre. It was in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, of which Mrs. F. W. Hartman is chairman

Miss Dinah Brand and Miss Ursula Kenyon-Slaney

Young Marrieds: Barclays and Hibberts

Mrs. Alexander Barclay, Lady Patricia Hibbert, Captain Barclay and Mr. Hugh Washington Hibbert went to "Robin Hood" together. Both the men are in the Queen's Bays. Lady Patricia Hibbert is Lord Inchcape's daughter

A Royal Romance

The Beginning and the End, from "Sixty Glorious Years"

Herbert Wilcox has apparently assumed that the market for Queen Victoria films and plays—booming when he produced *Victoria the Great*—is not yet glutted and so, following sound business principles, he has remade the film from a different angle. The new one, based on new material and covering a much bigger canvas—the charge of the Light Brigade figures and C. Aubrey Smith appears as Wellington—is again in technicolour. Wonderful facilities for authentic shots have again been put at Wilcox's disposal. Anton Walbrook again plays Albert the Good and Anna Neagle again plays little Victoria the Great. Despite the more panoramic theme, the personal touch remains, as these pictures show. The film is at the Odeon

The royal romance *started when Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha visited his cousin, Victoria of England. Fond of fun, she gave many balls for him (top picture) and the pre-arranged courtship blossomed into marriage, 1840. The royal romance ended when, after twenty years of married life, Albert fell ill of typhoid fever (left). He died in 1861 and his name was renounced fifty-six years later by his grandson*

Sketches of "The White Guard" by Rouson

Russian Romeo: Marius Goring

Last stand by Nikolka (Basil C. Langton) and Alexei (Michael Redgrave)

White Officers: George Devine and Glen Byam Shaw

Country cousin and grass widow: Stephen Haggard and Peggy Ashcroft

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The White Guard" (Phœnix)

It is to be hoped that playgoers will support the season "on Gielgud lines" which has just been inaugurated at the Phœnix Theatre by Mr. Michel Saint-Denis in association with Mr. Bronson Albery, for Mr. Saint-Denis is a real artist as well as a real man of the theatre, which means that with him making money is a minor consideration and doing good work a major. And if that should not be encouraged, what, in the name of dramatic criticism, should? Moreover, in producing *The White Guard*, intelligently adapted by Mr. Rodney Ackland from the Russian of Bulgakov, he has done very good work indeed. The subtle sympathetic vision that did such masterly justice to *The Three Sisters* a short while ago has been brought to bear again on this tender, tragic picture of family life in Kiev during the winter of 1918, when the Whites were endeavouring to beat back Petlura with the assistance of German forces that deserted them in the hour of need.

It is a picture that wrings and purges the heart of dross. The Turbins in their flat, sheltering their friends, discussing the latest development, going through the motions of daily domestic life as the guns boom approaching disaster outside—fortifying themselves with tea and vodka, making and resisting importunate love as they wait for news—hearing the musical clock that chimed its little tune so undramatically in times of peace now drowned by the bursting of a shell, but still playing its piece when the noise has died away—what could be more moving or more true?

That clock is unforgettable, tempering the cruelty of the present with the mercy of the time that was and the time that will be.

The second act of this remarkable play is a superbly produced scene in the headquarters of the White Guard in the Alexandra College. If it is not as good as the first act, it is the most vivid picture of desperation in war that I have ever seen. The bitter cold, the overwhelming uncertainty, the wild determination to resist, the upheaval created by the news that the Germans have fled and that all hope of resistance must now be given up—these are managed with a convincing reality that would inevitably bring its own excitement even if the superficial situation were not so dramatic.

In the third act we are back again in the Turbins' flat, viewing great historical events once more from within four walls and realising how valuable was the contrast created by the scenes of military pandemonium through which we have passed. Are Russian plays gloomy? Or would not this adjective be better applied to the ponderous musical comedies that offer the public bald jokes out of gag-books, plots that are an insult to fiction, and "beauty" that makes one envious of the blind?

The acting throughout is of the first quality. Miss Peggy Ashcroft, now a commandress of her craft, Mr. Stephen Haggard, Mr. Michael Redgrave, Mr. Marius Goring, Mr. George Devine, and their comrades should draw all London to this striking and sensitive play. Support Mr. Saint-Denis. Don't let the Philistines have it all their own way. And if you do, then don't complain. You will have the theatre you deserve.

The Theatre

(Continued from page 85)

An Elephant in Arcady

Sketches by Rouson

Ortensio, also an Arcadian Daphnis, and Florinda, also an Arcadian Chloë : Geoffrey Dunn and Irene Eisenger

Driving a bargain in elephants : Bertoldo (Percy Parsons) and Count Pomposo (Frederick Ranalow)

"An Elephant in Arcady" (Kingsway)

IT is only human to hope that any well-known cross-examiner rash enough to go into the witness-box may be made as infernally uncomfortable as he has so often made other good men. The same hope goes up to heaven when a well-known critic, leaving his lurking place in the stalls, turns dramatic author and exposes himself to criticism. But readers of this page who expect to see its rightful occupant roasted without mercy will be disappointed. With the best will in the world to please them, the present writer must report that Mr. Herbert Farjeon has got away with it again. It seems a pity, but *An Elephant in Arcady* cannot escape praise. It is what the more solemn exponents of the Comic Spirit would call a " humanely malign " corrective of civilised foibles ; in other words, a delightful crack at some elegant Simple Lifers of the eighteenth century, a dexterous piece of juggling with the sublime and the ridiculous, easy on the eyes and still easier on the hearing, which should end by making the Kingsway a more conspicuous mark on the theatrical map.

It is right and proper, however, to whittle down praise of Mr. Farjeon by pointing out that he has only a part in what is really a triumph of team-work. Miss Eleanor Farjeon shares with him the credit for the book and for the thirty-five lyrics which reduce the " book " to the Lilliputian size that would never in any light musical show, if I had my way, be exceeded. The décor by Mr. Hugh Stevenson suits the story as well as the story suits the music—saluting while it mocks eighteenth-century taste ; and the music, drawn from Mozart and other great men of the period, has been adapted with true musicianship by Mr. Ernest Irving, who himself conducts the excellent orchestra. Yet half the enchanting effect of their work would be lost without Miss Irene Eisenger, who makes it appear that she was born to sing Mozart, singing all the while with so much ease that she can exhibit every shade of meaning in the words and every cross-light of irony, bringing out at every turn the superficial silliness and the essential wisdom of the heroine.

FLORINDA, you see, has fallen a victim to the prevailing Pisan affectation of her time. She is a leading light of that Arcadian Academy which hopes to recover the pastoral simplicity of the Golden Age by wandering the glades of prim parks spouting ornate verse and saluting the dawn with elegant shepherds' crooks and garlands. " Awake, ye bulls and heifers," she sings in stately invocation to simplicity after she has failed to apprehend true love's declaration simply spoken ; and so there is nothing for the true lover to do but enrol himself as a mahout in her animal-petting father's establishment and let the rumour that the elephant has run amok scatter the Arcadians and the heroine's dream to the four winds. But not, happily, before the Arcadians have let us see a delicious perversion of " Daphnis and Chloe," in which Miss Linda Gray is instructress in the art of love to the sweetly foolish Chloe of Miss Eisenger and the earnestly lionish Daphnis of Mr. Geoffrey Dunn. This play within the play is perhaps the tit-bit of the evening, but other tit-bits, scarcely less delicious, are always popping up, given period nicety and the right flavour of absurdity by a company so strong in talent that it can afford to let Mr. Frederick Ranalow play a relatively small part, which, needless to say, he does to perfection.

A. V. C.

Selio, no Arcadian, disguised as a mahout : Eric Starling

"The Lady Vanishes"

A Hitchcock Thriller

Alfred Hitchcock, one of England's biggest directors in all senses, has made his best thriller in *The Lady Vanishes*. Even last week, which was notable for good films, this one at the Empire stood out for entertainment value. It has thrills, mystery, humour and a British cast without a flaw. The story is in Hitchcock's favourite genre—spy. The action goes as fast as the trains in which much of the film is set. Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave are the jeunes premiers, Paul Lukas is the villain, May Whitty is the vanishing lady, Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford are a Bertie Wooster and a Blimp. *The Lady Vanishes* is a film not to miss

***The train** in which much of the action takes place is packed with suspicious characters such as Italian conjurers, spies and, of course, the vanishing lady. In this group are Naunton Wayne, Margaret Lockwood, May Whitty, Michael Redgrave, Basil Radford, Cecil Parker*

***This is how** the lady vanishes: Catherine Lacey, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave*

"Rigoletto" has Heddle Nash as the Duke, Luella Paikin as Gilda, Dennis Noble as Rigoletto, and Sydney Beer as conductor. Here Mr. Beer (right) goes through a complicated passage in the score with his singers, while Miss Paikin holds his baton. She comes from Lancashire, has sung Gilda to Gigli's Rigoletto

Producer Vladimir

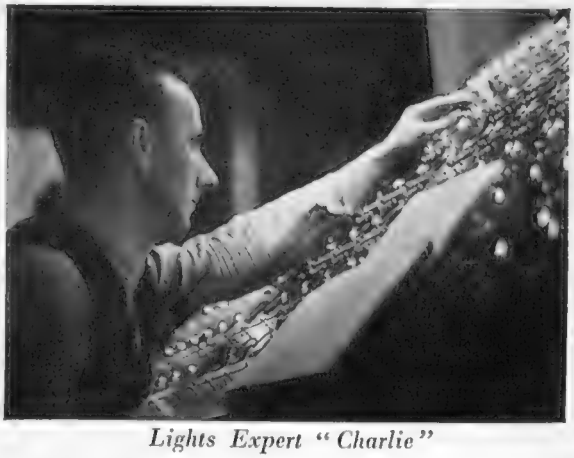
English Opera at Covent Garden

The English opera season at Covent Garden began on Monday, 10th, and ends on Saturday, 29th. To-morrow comes the only new opera in the eight-work repertoire: *The Serf*, by George Lloyd, a young English composer, which Albert Coates will conduct. The new Covent Garden English Opera Society presents the season, with Sir Thomas Beecham as artistic adviser. Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh will be visited after London

***Setting** for "Faust" is by a young American designer, Stewart Chaney, who was responsible for the dresses and decor of Leslie Howard's "Hamlet" in New York last winter*

Designer Stewart Chaney

***Lighting** for the whole season depends on "Charlie," who operates the £25,000 electrical switchboard at Covent Garden*



Lights Expert "Charlie"

"Tristan and Isolde" has Eva Turner as Isolde, here filling the dust-sheeted foyer with full-throated passion, to a piano accompaniment. Artistic organiser Percy Heming concentrates determinedly on his own affairs on the left. (Tristan to Miss Turner's Isolde is Walter Widdop)

Rosing with Marguerite and Faust

*"**Faust**" has Lisa Perli as Marguerite and Heddle Nash as Faust. With them above is producer Vladimir Rosing working out a persuasive piece of mime for Mephistopheles. Below is Mephistopheles himself (Harold Williams) disdainfully ignoring Siebel (Mae Craven). "Faust" is conducted by Stanford Robinson*

Mephistopheles and Siebel

***Albert Coates** is conducting "Tristan and Isolde." At a foyer rehearsal he makes a vehement point, holding his spectacles baton-wise, to Percy Heming, the artistic organiser of the season*

Photographs taken for the "Bystander" by David Lane

***Eugene Goossens** is conducting "Madame Butterfly," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "I Pagliacci." The orchestra, whose hats and coats strew the foyer bar, are the London Philharmonic, Section B. Their elder brothers — Section A, "Sir Thomas Beecham's Own" — have started their winter season of symphony concerts at the Queen's Hall*

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I see a lot of dust—but that will affect my maid's future, not yours"

THE future of Savile Row is still perturbing a lot of chaps (as if anything anybody on earth thought, said or did worried the destroyers of London). That quaint, narrow passage at the north end, with its little old country-town shops, has recently been torn down, and the new, and doubtless hideous, police-station which is about to rise in the Row is expected to ruin this historic backwater almost completely, to the consternation of the tailors whose sanctuary it has been for so long. The tailors doubt if well-dressed chaps all the world over will find the same cachet attached to clothes they buy in a street which contains a can, jug, calaboose, hoosegow, or cooler into which—who knows?—they may be slung themselves after a celebration, soignés but tight; and the tailors may be right. Poole's is safe, anyway. The Shakespeare of the shears, we gather from a recent communiqué to the Press, took care in his generation to build not for an age but for all time, and the Yahoos, apparently, can't touch that Temple of Art in which so many Royalties, Excellencies and noblemen have had the tape run round their tums. Which precaution, we dare aver, was characteristic of the ancestral Poole, who, unless we're odiously wrong, appears as "Mr. Vigo" in Disraeli's *Endymion*; the most fashionable tailor in London, a Yorkshireman of immense wealth, taste, hospitality, and influence, social and political, and, though an intimate of the rich and great, "neither pretentious nor servile, but simple, and with becoming respect for others and himself." (We just looked it up.) In fact, a pretty sound number and, when you think of what class-distinctions were in the England of Palmerston's time, a phenomenon.

So whatever the Row loses, it won't lose those Crown-bedecked portals where pants are made which rarely get a kick in 'em, and nothing can shake the imperturbability of those foundations, unless perhaps those vivacious fifty-bob chain-store tailors who are already round the corner in Piccadilly get the playful idea of settling in Savile Row as well. In which event, we imagine, a dignified moaning and a perceptible swaying to and fro of that venerable pile will astonish the natives of the quarter and perturb them with strange dooms.

"I thought I heard something going 'ticker ticker'"

Voice

UNDOUBTEDLY the laureate of all us battle-scared ex-warriors is Edmund Blunden, who had a fine poem in the *Lit. Supp.* the other day called "Exorcised," expressing what we all felt during and after the recent troubles.

> . . . they saw aghast
> That giant enemy of sleep, that ghost which summed the worst they knew,
> Come creeping into waking thought, creeping and gathering like a storm
> About the summer's loveliness.

In other words, we had the wind up pretty badly, unlike some of the bloodthirsty young pacifists of Bloomsbury, who don't know what modern war's like, even that relative picnic of twenty years ago. And Mr. Blunden, who wrote *Undertones of War* and—recently—*Fall In, Ghosts*, is the lad to voice our crude primary feelings in language of extreme beauty and nobility; which shows that not every Oxford don is covered with exquisite green mould and wrapped in cellophane against rude contacts with reality. For though it is easier, as many know, to extract an oyster from its shell with a rubber toothpick than to get Mr. Blunden out of Oxford, he remains immaculate from donnery and untainted by that awful spiritual pride which is responsible for the mental and physical peculiarities of dons, including those odd grimaces.

One should discriminate, however. The younger school of dons in both Universities is of a much better type. Owing to their healthy influence, there is less secret drinking, our resident spies inform us; fewer smutty epigrams are made in the dead languages, and donnish feuds are dwindling. Also the other day a don publicly quoted one of the songs of Marie Lloyd with approval, which is another sign that the humanising process proceeds. May the great healing breeze sweep the Academic Groves like a disinfectant tornado, is our prayer.

Vendetta

PEOPLE unacquainted with the fragrant humdrum of rural life may have been surprised to hear recently of a blood-feud in Bucks, whereby a rustic avenger got three months' hard for severely bashing his stepfather. Actually the blood-feud is nearly as common to the English countryside as to the Corsican, except that the methods are different. (The English practitioner never goes inside a church, for one thing.) Down our way, Henry Mangles is still dans le maquis, as they say in Corsica, after potting his uncle with a rook-rifle and setting fire to his cottage. His uncle, Mr. Clump, "got" Mr. Mangles' mother with weedkiller some years ago. Nobody bothers much except the police, for Mr. Mangles constantly rides his bicycle without a rear-light, and they

swear to get him for it yet. He is generally seen bobbing round the brushwood at dusk, hoping to get a crack at his uncle's second wife. Most of the locals have a bet on this. Our vendetta code is less fringed round with rubrical courtesies and observances than in Corsica. Mr. Mangles occasionally takes a pot at total strangers to keep his hand in, and one evening recently a rural farceur broke the rules by inviting Mr. Mangles to take a swig of home-made gooseberry wine, which would have disabled him for some weeks. In Corsica you kill or maim only blood-relations and people directly involved.

Repast

BITTER reading for vegetarians was that recent *Times* article about an expedition to Papua in which a native epicure described to an explorer how chaps are cut into strips, and cooked (barring the legs, which are tough), some strips roasted over an open fire, others cooked in bamboo with sago and bush-cabbage. The native epicure said chaps taste like 'possum, whereas some African traveller or other said some time ago, having inquired (or possibly eaten a couple of chaps himself, who knows ?), that chaps taste like pork and should be cooked with peppers and yam. No doubt cannibals prefer certain nationalities to others—you couldn't ask people who mattered to dinner, for example, and give them a Scotsman—but whatever their taste it must be distressing news to vegetarians, even if some cannibals confine themselves to Swedes. On the other hand, having once seen a vegetarian devouring a woman with his eyes, we shouldn't wonder if distress were mingled with a certain envy. This particular incident occurred in the old Eustace Miles Restaurant in Chandos Street, where somebody took us for fun. It wasn't very nice to see the ravening, tigerish hunger in the devourer's eyes, the obvious toughness of the lady he was thus devouring, the weak, bristling beard, the fork already trembling in a palsied hand, the stony indifference of the lookers-on. If that is vegetarian love (we thought, shuddering), give us a rumpsteak and decency.

Poils

HOLLYWOOD must be temporarily in worse straits than one had imagined. We don't know if the significance of a recent news-item from that glittering loony-bin struck you ? Lunching in a Hollywood restaurant a Mrs. Summerill ordered half a dozen oysters and found a small pearl in every one. Well, to begin with, you know as well as we do that pearls, as pearls, are a complete flop nowadays from the publicity angle. The last little British actress who got free publicity for losing her pearls retired, if actresses can be said to retire, some years ago. Saturation-point had been reached even before that. The public had grown cynical and apt to scoff, and even press-agents, the most enthusiastically credulous of chaps, were beginning to find their own stories about actresses' pearls a bit hard to believe. Nowadays pearls have fallen extremely low in public estimation. Obscure married ladies of no great personal charm get an occasional line or two for finding one of no special value in a dozen oysters, but nobody is greatly stirred, and as a means of keeping Hollywood on the map, this kind of news-story seems to us a waste of effort.

Hollywood's press-agent boys are obviously losing their grip. Not so long ago it would have been Carole Shearer or somebody who 'd ordered those oysters in the Brown Derby. In five of them would have nestled a perfectly-formed black pearl valued at 50,000 dollars, the sixth would have contained the Hope Diamond on a bed of purple velvet. This is the only excuse for dishing up a pearl story to-day, and in our estimation Hollywood ought to be ashamed of itself, the big dope.

Rap

"A TRITE, over-winsome, confused, tricky, unconvincing, bathetic, ill-shaped, ingenuous, indeterminate, callow, calculated, barefaced, blueyed bore," wrote Mr. Lionel Hale briskly in the *News Chronicle* of the American theatre's most recent offering to London. Most of the other daily paper critics concurred, in less frank and embracing terms, which should set the acid Mr. George Jean Nathan off again. Mr. Nathan's recent complaint against some of our critic boys, if we remember rightly, is that they go to New York and agree that the American stage is 100 per cent. more intelligent than our own, after which they return to the dear Homeland and say just the opposite. Personally we should say the good American play is nearly always 100 per cent. better than ours, whereas the bad American play is about 100 per cent. worse ; especially if it deals in roguey-poguey and whimsy-whamsy, like the present offering. On the other hand, the cretin generally finds less to please him on the New York stage than in London, where a Harley Street alienist once told us, at least 90 per cent. of the regular playgoing public is in a state of arrested mental development and aged about fourteen. A harsh saying.

The New York stage *ought* to be 100 per cent. better, anyway. It has a more variegated and vivacious life to draw upon, it isn't fettered by all our genteel restrictions, libel laws, and taboos, and its audiences (unlike ours) understand and appreciate satire, the salt of existence ; which remark makes it a bit difficult to explain away such lapses as *Abie's Irish Rose*, and indeed we wouldn't dream of trying. However, what we 're getting at is this : never blame the unfortunate British author for writing a big West End success. He has to romp with the little ones or starve, poor devil. (Don't quote us as saying this.)

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" What a morning—Gosh, it 's good to be alive ! "

Films of the Day

England: Medieval, Modern and Shavian

By George Campbell

WHEN Warner Brothers set out to make *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, they determined to do us proud. They engaged so many thousands of extras and spent so much money (about £400,000, by all accounts), and worked so hard to re-create twelfth-century England in Technicolor, that I feel anybody but an absolute cad is bound to like it.

I didn't, but I haven't the least doubt millions will. It is a big and boisterous circus of a picture, full of spectacle and the clash of swords and acrobatic escapes in the manner of Fairbanks père. You 'll be excited, if this is the sort of thing that excites you, when Erroll Mix—I mean Tom Flynn—defies John and his gangsters singlehanded and makes his getaway; the carnage is simply frightful. Every time a Norman tyrant is hanging or ravishing or otherwise amusing himself with the peasantry, there comes the twang of a bow—there never was an old English picture quite so full of twangs—and there he is clutching a shaft through his middle; and when he isn't drawing the famed longbow, Robin (like Mr. W. C. Fields on another historic occasion) is taking his bowie knife in hand and carving his way through a wall of living flesh. Boys will love it, and girls, captivated by the good looks of Mr. Flynn, will equally rejoice every time blue eyes flash, the strong arm strikes, and another Norman villain bites the dust.

Mr. Flynn is just the figure for this sort of thing; Basil Rathbone plays the unscrupulous Sir Guy as if he really believed in the fellow, which is a feat; Claude Rains makes an ironically sinister John; Eugene Pallette has just the voice and figure for Friar Tuck; Alan Hale is admirable as the burly, boisterous Little John, and Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, confirms the theory that the accents of mediæval England have been preserved in certain parts of the U.S.A. It only remains to add, on the authority of the programme, that *The Adventures of Robin Hood* is "based upon ancient Robin Hood legends," was directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, and is "unbeatable in box-office content."

CONGRATULATIONS to Alfred Hitchcock. From time to time we have had harsh things to say about the work of this eminent director. Now he has made *The Lady Vanishes*, and all is forgiven. His script writers, Sidney Gilliatt and Frank Launder, have given him a story both exciting and coherent—perhaps I should say exciting *because* coherent—and Mr. Hitchcock has handled it brilliantly.

The start is unpromising. In an Alpine inn, which at one moment looks like a humble gasthaus and the next has telephones in every room, we meet a dear, dithering old English governess, a bright young thing whose slightly bogus dialogue makes it clear that she is going back to England to be married; an eccentric young composer whose feud with her obviously destines him for the role of hero; two strong silent Englishmen; an innkeeper who succeeds in giving a creditable imitation of Luis Alberni; and a street musician who is strangled outside the governess's window and subsequently forgotten, though you would have thought that among these innocent villagers the corpse might have caused a bad impression and led to some inquiry.

The train the foreigners are waiting for pulls out, and from now on things keep happening. To begin with, the governess vanishes. In real life, anybody with a grudge against such a character would just knife her and pitch her into the landscape, preferably at the moment when the train is passing over the lofty bridge which makes such an enchanting long-shot. But there is no need to emphasise that this would have a very damaging effect on the story, and so the old lady is not dumped off or even bumped off: the plans for disposing of her must not be revealed, but you can take my word for it that they are subtle and ingenious and complicated, which is the way crooks on the screen like to plan their homicides.

The qualities that make *The Lady Vanishes* such admirable entertainment are its wit, its amusing characterisation, and the skill with which Mr. Hitchcock has soft-pedalled all his players. It is one of the few British films—I think one could count them on the fingers of one hand—in which nobody grossly over-acts. The heroine behaves just as any other nice, bewildered girl would if people started telling her that the woman she had tea with never existed; the hero is authentic Cambridge-and-Chelsea; the old lady is not too maddeningly sweet; and the two Englishmen whose earnest conversations about the Test Match form a sort of Greek chorus to the melodrama are not too exaggerated to be extraordinarily funny. In fact, these last leave you, if you happen to be a Test fan, as I am, wondering uneasily whether you aren't the least bit like them.

The acting is grand all round. Dame May Whitty makes an endearing figure of the governess, Margaret Lockwood is charming as the girl, and Michael Redgrave is that rarity on the British stage or screen—an actor of ability and virility. This department lifts its hat, too, to Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne for their studies of the impassive sportsmen.

"PYGMALION" has been hailed by some critics as a masterpiece, dismissed by others as just nine reels of Shavian dialectic. The truth, I think, lies in between. Everything that could be done to vitalise and speed-up the play has been done, and the acting of Leslie Howard (Professor Higgins), Wendy Hiller (Eliza), and Scott Sunderland (Colonel Pickering) is faultless. (Wilfrid Lawson, as Doolittle, over-acts.)

Where the film, as a film, may fail with the public is in its essential bloodlessness. One moment Higgins is treating Eliza abominably; the next he is inviting her to share his life. Why? Because she has thrown some insults in his face. "Five minutes ago," he tells her ecstatically, "you were a millstone round my neck. Now you are a consort battleship." Now the film public may not be subtle, but there is one thing they recognise instinctively—insincerity. That is why, if this film is a box-office failure, the fault is Mr. Shaw's

"Pygmalion" had its premiere at the Leicester Square two weeks ago. Bernard Shaw adapted his own play for Anthony Asquith's film, Leslie Howard co-directed and plays Higgins, Wendy Hiller, who made her name in "Love on the Dole" and first acted in Shaw two years ago at Malvern, plays Eliza: the two are seen above before her transformation. The film is reviewed here

Lili Damita

"Mrs. Robin Hood"

Lili Damita, whose real maiden name was Liliane Marie Madeleine Carre, has been Mrs. Errol Flynn in word and deed since June 1935, for on her marriage she gave up the career which started at six in the Paris Opera and took her, via Vienna, to Hollywood. She now wages a stormy married life with Errol Flynn, whose own way to Hollywood reads like a publicity agent's dream: English Olympic boxer at eighteen, master of a South Seas trading schooner at nineteen, hunter of head-hunters, gold miner, yachtsman and author, he is now a film star who doesn't take films seriously, at once the pride and despair of Warner Brothers. In fact, the one man who could step into Douglas Fairbanks' shoes as the hero who is a scenarist's dream—dashing, noble and, above all, legendary: Robin Hood. The technicolour film of that name opened the Warner Theatre (Daly's that was) last week. It is reviewed on page 92

In Broomhall's drawing-room sit the Elgins with four of their six children: Martha, 17, David, 2, Jean, 15, Alison, 7

It is a model farm at Broomhall, run on model lines; agriculturalists will note the well-kept fence round the bull-calves, the neat wall, the compact corn stacks

A Highland cow with a cross-master out, but Lady Elgin, Alison

Eroun of Harviestoun *is the pride of Lord Elgin's herd of Aberdeen Angus. The herd was founded when Elgin tenants presented their laird with a heifer to celebrate his heir's birth. Holding the bull is John Rugg*

This fine sow *receives a weekly visit from her master on Saturdays, the only day he can find free for his farm. She is housed according to the modern idea which accords pigs a field instead of a sty*

The Elgins at Home

Lord and Lady Elgin's home is at Broomhall, Dunfermline, Fife, where these pictures of them, their children, their lands and their beasts were taken. Edward James Bruce is the tenth Earl of Elgin and the fourteenth Earl of Kincardine. Both titles were won by members of the Bruce clan, the former by a knight who accompanied James I. to England, the latter by a Stuart supporter at the Restoration. The titles devolved on a common holder in 1746. Bruces do not appear to have been mixed up with the Pretenders, and the family has a fine record of service to Guelphs as well as to Stuarts. The present Earl was a fit choice as chairman of the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow. Lady Elgin received a D.B.E. for her work as chairman of the women's section

bred shorthorn calf does not keep her and Jean prefer to keep beyond the pale

Lady Alison Bruce *sometimes allows her young brother David to play with her dolls'-house. These children are direct descendants of Robert the Bruce, not through their Bruce father, but through their mother, a Cochrane, daughter of the first Lord Cochrane of Cults*

The Elgin marbles, *most of which are deposited in the British Museum, were collected by Thomas, seventh Lord Elgin, a soldier and diplomat who was at one time ambassador in Constantinople. Although the present earl is more interested in bulls than marble, he is naturally proud of this priceless possession*

The Christening of Lord Halifax's Second Granddaughter

The Christening of Lord and Lady Dufferin's Heir

Two Important Christenings

Susan Diana Wood, the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wood's second daughter, was christened at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, with Mrs. Henry Garnett (left), the Hon. Edward John Stanley, the Countess of Feversham and the Hon. Richard Wood as godparents. Mrs. Wood holds the baby, her husband holds Caroline Victoria Wood. The Earl of Derby (great-grandfather) and Viscount Halifax (grandfather) look proudly at the newest addition to the houses of Wood, Stanley and Primrose

Frederick Sheridan Terence, Earl of Ava, received his Christian names at the chapel of his family's seat, Clandeboye, Co. Down, sponsored by five godfathers and three godmothers. He is the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava's first son and third child, is seen here with them and his sisters, Caroline Maureen and Perdita Maureen. Before the christening two memorials in the chapel to the late Hariot Lady Dufferin were dedicated

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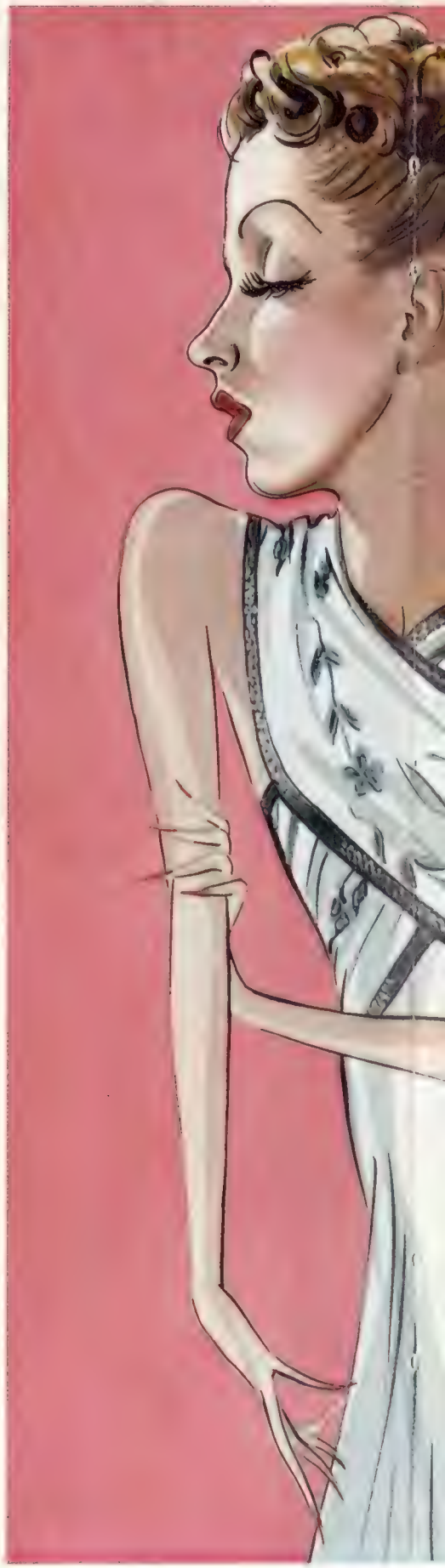
C.F.H.

Three French Film Actresses, Caricatured

On our left. *Simone Simon, five feet three inches, one hundred and fourteen pounds, twenty-five years old, Marseillaise. Had a spasmodic education in Budapest, Turin, Berlin, Paris. Studied sculpture and drawing in the last, then got a screen test from Adolphe Osso. Marc Allegret's "Lac aux Dames" followed, a Hollywood talent scout swooped and she arrived in New York, tickling the pressmen's fancy by remaining asleep in her cabin while the liner berthed. This sort of publicity and three rather mediocre films with 20th Century-Fox are said to have incensed her against Hollywood and to have sent her back to La France for good. There she is at present and there is no news of her return to America*



In the centre. *Danielle Darrieux, five feet four inc pounds, twenty-one last May Day, Bordelaise. Had an A mother, acted on the stage in six middleuropean capitals numerous small films, but did not hit the world's eye u evitably stepped in, made a terrific fuss of her, gave her nothing to do with Paris) which showed her (Leicester her talent. Two weeks ago she was concurrently on admitted to a boyish figure by referring to ma po*

ured for the "Bystander" by Cecil "Gitano" Thomson

eet four inches without curls, one hundred and eighteen . Had an American great-grandmother and a Polish grand- ean capitals. Made a screen reputation in France with orld's eye until "Mayerling" appeared. Hollywood in- er, gave her a crazy comedy, "The Rage of Paris" (it had (Leicester Square) with her hair up, and did not quench irrently on four London screens, on one of which she to ma poitrine platte. Is married to Henri Decoin

On our right, *Michèle Morgan, five feet two and a half inches, twenty-two years old, born in a Leap Year on February 29th, Parisienne. The newest of the three here to take a seat in the halls of film fame. Was told as a child she had a star-mark in her hand, decided to become a film star; to this end, ran away from parental disapproval at fifteen, took two years to get a crowd part, then by pure luck got the lead opposite Raimu in "Gribouille." On the strength of it, she played lead opposite Boyer in Bernstein's "Orage." Marc Allegret, who made Simone's name in "Lac aux Dames," directed both these. And both films were shown in London at the Curzon*

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Lord Lovat and His New Lady Lovat Stepped Out of the Oratory Into the Sun and the Skirl of the Pipes

Wedding of the Week

Lord Lovat and Miss Broughton

Lord Lovat and Rosamund Broughton were married by the Archbishop of Cardiff at the Brompton Oratory. He is the son of the late Lord Lovat and Laura Lady Lovat; she is Sir Delves and Lady Broughton's only daughter. The bridegroom, who is in the Scots Guards, was in full Highland dress; the bride wore ivory-white and carried only a scarlet prayer-book, being attended by a single page, Raymond Jolliffe. The couple were piped away from church to a reception at 10, Grosvenor Place, lent by Lord and Lady Moyne. The wedding unites two very ancient families, the one from Inverness-shire, the other from Staffordshire. Both can claim ancestors who supported the Stuarts and paid dearly for it. The Frasers of Lovat are one of Scotland's leading Catholic families; Miss Broughton was received into the Roman Church before the wedding.

Right: Sir Delves and Lady Broughton

"Hamlet"

Tyrone Guthrie's Fine Modern-Dress Production Is at the Old Vic

The Old Vic presents a remarkable *Hamlet* this year. Tyrone Guthrie has produced it in its entirety and in modern dress, with a young Hamlet whose first leading part this is, and a young little-known Ophelia. Alec Guinness gives an astonishing performance as Hamlet, reflecting with an extraordinary poignancy Ophelia's "O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown." His vital sensitive portrait shows finely-balanced intelligence tortured and distorted, but never weak or neurotic. The nobility and simplicity of his acting and of his speaking is matched by the production. Its exceptional clarity and nervous force are again perfectly suited by the settings, full of dignity and beauty, by Roger Furse, and the excellently chosen modern dresses. These emphasise the timelessness of the play without incongruity or sensationalism, and bring a new vividness to many scenes. O. B. Clarence as the fussy, punctilious Polonius gives particular pleasure. The duel between Hamlet and Laertes can never have been more tensely or convincingly played

Below is the twenty-four-year-old Alec Guinness as Hamlet. He was in John Gielgud's company all last winter season

"If thou didst ever thy dear father love,
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder"
(Hamlet—Alec Guinness; the Ghost—Malcolm Keen)

"Since brevity is the soul of wit . . . I will be brief"
(Polonius—O. B. Clarence; Claudius—Andrew Cruickshank; Gertrude — Veronica Turleigh)

Photographs by Anthony

"Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?"

(Ophelia—Hermione Hannen; Hamlet—Alec Guinness)

"O heavens! is 't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?"

(Ophelia—Hermione Hannen; Laertes—Anthony Qualye)

Hermione Hannen is a genuinely moving Ophelia, and gives a vivid impression of modernity without for a moment stepping out of the Shakespearean frame

Dame Margaret Lloyd George and Mr. David Lloyd George Picked a Fine Crop

Apple Harvest at Churt

Nineteen years ago David Lloyd George was busy in Paris picking a different crop—the bitter unsettling fruits of world war victory. This year, while one of the products of that harvest was, under threat of another world war, losing its Peace Treaty identity, Mr. Lloyd George and his wife busied themselves with autumn doings at Bron-y-de, their home in Surrey. The apple harvest there was an excellent one, the trees weighted with crisp, well-formed and evenly ripened fruit. Mr. Lloyd George took no part in the long House of Commons debate on the Government's crisis policy, with its many allusions to 1919 when Czechoslovakia came into being. But on the following Sunday he stated his opinion of the Munich Pact in no uncertain terms. "The boundaries of democracy . . . have . . . become restricted; its strategic position has become more precarious, and its prestige has sunk much lower. That is the meaning of the Munich betrayal of the Czechoslovakian Republic to the dictators." Further on in his article he wrote: "But the most significant comment on the Munich Pact is the universal call for a further expansion and acceleration of armaments." The most significant comment on the veteran statesman's article is that, except for an implied reproof to France for "dishonouring her promise to defend Czechoslovakia," he makes no single suggestion as to what he would have done in Mr. Chamberlain's place to avoid this "humiliating defeat" to democracy

"Bystander" Short Story No. 161

Sketch by Eric Fraser

The Brothers and the Sisters

By William Saroyan

Brother Matthew from Tennessee was the youngest of the brothers, the least brilliant, but the most human, it seemed to the young man who worked in the Catholic winery. Brother Matthew was like any man, not like a churchman. He was comical. He spoke with an amusing southern accent. The other brothers liked him, but felt superior. They were all professors of this and that and the other thing. As far as the young man Jack Towey was concerned, they were bores.

Jack Towey was twenty-one, very big and very powerful. One day he lifted Brother Garcia off the floor and held him overhead. Brother Garcia was a very dignified man who weighed around one hundred and fifty pounds. The young man did not lift Brother Garcia off the floor until Brother Garcia had given him permission to do so.

Brother Garcia, the young man had said, did you know I can lift you off the floor and hold you overhead?

Brother Garcia was, of course, somewhat stunned.

No, he said. I'd never given it a thought.

I can, Jack Towey said. Will you let me show you?

If you wish, Brother Garcia said.

I won't hurt you, the young man said.

Lord in Heaven, Brother Garcia said, I believe you. Please let me down.

It's easy for me, the young man said. I won't drop you. I could hold you up this way for an hour, I guess.

I'd rather you let me down, Brother Garcia said.

The young man put the brother on the floor gently.

The others were eating lunch in the sunlight, sitting outside on the steps of the building. The young man wasn't with them because Brother Matthew was out of town. Brother Garcia had stayed upstairs during the lunch hour in the hope of doing some reading. After the young man had lifted him and let him down he felt strangely dissatisfied with himself. He felt that he ought to exercise more and develop his body. There was some dignity in having one's spirit housed in strong flesh. He rather envied the young man's strength.

All right, he said. You'll have to excuse me now. I have some reading to do.

Don't you get tired of reading all the time? the young man said.

I don't read all the time, Brother Garcia said.

Brother Garcia sat down with his book. The young man went to the window, where he stood for ten minutes.

Brother Garcia lifted his eyes from the book now and then to watch the young man.

Brother Garcia, the boy said.

Yes? the brother said.

Have you noticed this hotel across the street?

I know it's there, the brother said. What about it?

Brother Garcia knew all about the hotel across the street. All of the brothers knew about it. It was a place men visited for a short while to see girls. It was one of many places of its kind in the North Beach, the old Barbary Coast.

I think they've got some girls upstairs, the young man said.

Is that so? the brother said.

I think so, the young man said. Every day I've seen men come and go. Have you ever seen any of the girls?

I don't believe I have, the brother said.

I saw one of them yesterday evening, the young man said. She was just a kid. That's what I can't understand.

What do you mean? the brother said.

I mean, the young man said, why didn't she marry some young fellow instead? There are a lot of young fellows who'd like to marry a girl like her if they knew she was a good girl. She was very pretty. If you weren't a brother, Brother Garcia, and you liked a girl like her, would you marry her, anyway?

I don't know, the brother said.

It sure surprised me when I saw how young and pretty she was, the young man said. She looked like a good girl. If I hadn't seen her come out of the hotel I would have believed she was a good girl. She smiled at me, too. I liked her very much. I'd hate to fall in love with a girl like her.

Yes, the brother said, that would make you very unhappy.

I feel unhappy now, the young man said. I'm not in love with her or anything, but it makes me sore to think she'd love anybody who'd pay for it.

(*Concluded on page 106*)

The Brothers and the Sisters

(Continued from page 105)

Have you ever gone up to any of those places ?

Lord in Heaven, no, the brother said.

I mean just to look around, the young man said. Maybe a brother could do something about it.

I 'm afraid not, the brother said.

I don't know, the young man said, but I 've got a feeling I ought to do something about the girl I saw yesterday.

What could you do ? the brother said.

I don't know, the young man said, but I 've got a feeling I ought to do something. It don't seem right.

After lunch the brothers came upstairs and went on with their work. The only other worker in the winery who was not a brother was old Angelo Fanucci. He worked with the young man, Jack Towey. He was a small man of fifty-seven whose life had been ruined by an unfortunate event many years ago.

Angelo, the young man said, did you see the fleet come in ?

What do I care about the fleet ? the old man said. Will it go to the Bank of Italy and get my tirteen tousand dollars ?

It was the same with everything.

Angelo, the young man would say, have you walked across the Golden Gate Bridge ?

Why should I walk across the bridge ? the old man would say. On the other side will I find my tirteen tousand dollars ? Some day I will find that woman.

Then he would swear violently in Italian.

After work that evening the young man stayed in the winery until all the brothers had gone home. The janitor and night watchman, Louis Getas, noticed him standing at the window.

Why you no go home ? he said.

I 'll be going in a little while, the young man said.

What you looking ? the janitor said.

Nothing, the young man said.

He saw a man hurry into the doorway, press the button, and a moment later turn the knob of the door, open it, and hurry upstairs.

He felt a great hatred for the man because he was afraid the man might choose the girl he had seen yesterday, and for a moment he wanted to go across the street and upstairs and throw the man out of the place.

The following day Brother Matthew returned to the winery from the country. He had arranged to purchase many tons of wine grapes from farmers in the San Joaquin valley.

The young man was glad to see him back. When he was alone with the brother he said, Brother Matthew, you know about this place across the street.

Sure, the young brother said. Don't tell me you want to take me up there with you to spend some money.

The young man laughed. It was pleasant to talk with a brother like Brother Matthew.

I 'd like to go up there, the young man said.

Well, said Brother Matthew, for all I know maybe I would too, but I 'm not.

I don't mean to spend money, the young man said. There 's a girl up there I 'd like to talk to.

What do you want to talk to her for ? the brother said.

Well, I don't think she should be in a place like that, the young man said. It burns me up.

Who is this girl ? the brother said.

I don't know, the young man said. I saw her in the street a couple of days ago. Do you think maybe you could go up there with me ?

What do you want to talk to her about ? the brother said.

I don't want her to stay in a place like that, the young man said.

I don't believe the girl would be interested in hearing that kind of talk, the brother said.

She smiled at me, the young man said.

It may be, the brother said, that she smiles at every man. It is possible that she would even smile at me. You 're not in love with this girl, are you ?

I 've never been in love, the young man said. I don't know how it feels to be in love. I feel kind of sore at everybody. What I want to know is what kind of a world is this when a girl like that has to be in a place like that ? Will you go up there with me to-night after work ?

Why don't you forget you ever saw her ? the brother said.

I guess I ought to, the young man said, but ever since I saw her I 've felt sore at everybody.

Why don't you go up alone ? the brother said. If anybody saw me going up there, do you think they 'd believe I went up to talk ?

I 'm afraid to go up alone, the young man said.

What are you afraid of ? the brother said.

I don't know, the young man said. If you go with me, I 'll feel better.

The brother thought it over a moment.

All right, he said. I hope nobody sees us. We 'll have to be very careful.

That evening after work the young man and Brother Matthew took a walk until it was dark. Then they returned to the winery and when nobody was in sight they hurried across the street to the doorway of the hotel and the brother pressed the button. Each of them was frightened.

Shall we go up ? he asked the brother.

There 's still time to go away, the brother said. Perhaps we 'd better.

They heard the electric lock buzz. The brother took the door knob and opened the door two or three inches.

Somebody 's coming down the street, the young man said.

The brother pushed the door open and the two young men hurried up the stairs.

There was a sickening odour of powder and perfume in the place. At the top of the stairs was a middle-aged woman in a green tight-fitting dress with no sleeves. She greeted them.

Good evening, boys, she said.

Good evening, Brother Matthew replied.

When the woman noticed the brother's clothes she smiled.

She led the young men to a waiting room. They did not sit down.

I 've always wondered what the inside of one of these places was like, the brother said.

It wasn't much unlike any other small hotel, except for the way it made you feel. The odour of the place and your knowing what kind of a place it was made you feel any number of ways at once. You felt ashamed and foolish and amused and sorrowful, but more than anything else you felt that living was an ugly thing, and then because you knew this was so you felt the absurdity of trying to be good and you wondered if living the crazy life wasn't more true and real than living the sober one.

When the girls entered the room they saw two excited young men, one of them a Catholic churchman. This embarrassed the girls and brought to an end something in them which was an essential part of their work, a partly artificial and partly genuine mood of gaiety, daring, recklessness and good humour. They became inwardly and outwardly clumsy. The innocence in the girls returned in them to meet the same thing in the young men. They were like three sisters. The young brother's momentary feeling of wickedness fell away from him and instead of being excited by them as he imagined he might be he felt more truly virtuous now than ever before in his life. He was, in fact, rather delighted that he had come. The young man, however, could not take his eyes away from the girl who had smiled at him. Now, in this place, she did not smile, and he tried to understand this. He seemed to feel that what she had shared with him in the street was a thing which did not come with her to this place, a thing which nothing could take away from her, which needed no guarding.

The brother looked at each of the girls and then at the young man, asking with his glance if the young man wished to talk to the girl. The young man answered with an almost imperceptible shaking of his head.

The young brother felt strangely happy.

We work in the winery across the street, he said at last. My friend and I thought we 'd come in and say hello and ask if we might bring you some wine.

This broke down the feeling of awkwardness in everyone. The girls and the young men began to talk and laugh. The young men offered the girls cigarettes and everyone but the girl who had smiled at the young man smoked. The young man asked the girl if she 'd like to go for a walk with him some evening and she said perhaps she would. This made him feel very happy.

The brother and the young man promised to return soon with wine and then went away.

In the street the two young men felt lively, but at the same time, for some reason, each of them felt sorrowful.

They 're wonderful people, aren't they ? the young man said.

Yes, they are, the brother said. I don't believe I 've ever met such truly innocent people.

I want to thank you for going with me, the young man said. If I didn't go, I 'd feel bad all the time.

I 'm glad you asked me to go, the brother said.

What kind of wine will we take them ? the young man said.

We 'll take them the best, the brother said. We 'll take them the kind the church uses only on special occasions.

THE END.

A real Scot enjoying a real Scotch

STORIES OF THE CLANS No 8

Here's a Robertson, The Clann Donnachaidh, the descendants of Duncan the Fat, have bracken for their badge, and for them it has been claimed that they are unquestionably the oldest family in Scotland. It was Duncan himself who either upon an expedition in pursuit of his enemy Ewan MacDougall, Lord of Lorn, or upon the morning of Bannockburn found the crystal ball, the Clach na Bratich, that has ever since been the talisman of the clan.

Gilbey's
SPEY ROYAL
Scotch Whisky
10 YEARS OLD

IT'S GOOD – IT'S GILBEY'S

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

That Frightful Woman . . .

By V. S. Pritchett

A new Wells is always the old Wells, a different mood of him, perhaps—he was cynical last time in *Brynhild*—but always the old firm on a fresh course. From the very first sentence of *Apropos of Dolores* (Jonathan Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), the pleasure and the familiar rebellion against it begin at once. Trying to define the reason for that pleasure I am reminded of a remark once made by a visitor to a friend of mine whose huge study is always in hopeless disorder. "Here," the visitor observed with enthusiasm, "here is a man with a system." The sight of muddle struggling to be systematic is something to which the warm English comic sense always responds with sympathy and even nostalgia. Such a man is always making enthusiastic finds. But he is also always making disastrous losses; and that is when the latest Wells is thrown down with irritation. The copious and flowing egoism of Mr. Wells, its alluring complacency has another side. Grief, pain, tragedy, one half the human lot are unobserved by him; our depression, irritation and bad temper are all he gets.

But to get down to the new mood. This book is a discursive inspection of the heart, mind, and speculations of Stephen Wilbeck, a messianic publisher who, after divorcing a dull wife, has thirteen years of the octopus grip of Dolores, a cosmopolitan neurotic of farcical and rapacious egotism. For Dolores, any minute of the day in which she has not been able to dramatise herself, is wasted. She is not the common or garden article. Her jealousies are poisonous, her spites viperous; her capacity for obsession is inexhaustible, but also brilliantly inventive. When she quarrels with a pale old woman in an hotel about her dog, it is not long before she is swearing the woman's pallor is due to leprosy, and is spreading insidious hints around. When her husband writes to his daughter by his first wife, Dolores first of all is black with jealousy, and then threatens to divorce the wretched Stephen and ruin his career by accusing him of incest in the courts! And she is—and here Mr. Wells has hit upon a great contemporary nuisance—a sex bore. Some of the things she says to bishops are very funny, but her passion for the facts of life becomes as tedious to Stephen as the old pretence that there weren't any.

Why did Nature produce Dolores? asks Wilbeck after her mysterious death. Is she a dying type? Is Wilbeck's egoism a higher manifestation because not entirely self-regarding, one of life's attempts at a new creature—non-possessive and nomadic in its passions? So, as he goes on to other misadventures in Brittany that summer, Mr. Wilbeck talks at large, a bubble of optimism amusingly and instructively pricked by banal circumstance but always bobbing up again. Once more, astonishingly readable, Mr. Wells-Wilbeck makes an accomplished escape from the annoyance of woman into the history and future of man.

Yorkshire Authors Prepare to Speak

J. B. Priestley (Bradford), Phyllis Bentley (Halifax), and Storm Jameson (Whitby) were three of the Yorkshire-born authors who met to eat, drink and make speeches at a dinner at the Great Northern Hotel, Leeds. A few days later, Priestley's new play, "When We Were Married," came to London (St. Martin's) after a short and successful tour in the North of England

The speciality of the author of the famous *Trivia* has always been the art of springing surprises. Not vulgar surprise, but something as secretively engineered as an epigram; the artless question suddenly popped yet elaborately prepared, in one of those silences which fall among the more purposeful talkers at the dinner table. This is the effect of his autobiography, *Unforgotten Years* (Constable; 10*s.*), which appears with a polished impudence and almost too slender a grace amid the strenuous competition of the season's first person singulars. Quaker Philadelphia to begin with; a pair of hot-gospelling parents to follow—such a background has bred a bitter crop of ironical children, but Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith's irony is the more devastating for being whispered. Mr. Smith, Senior, reached the evangelical heights and was much taken up by the susceptible English aristocracy. Alas, here he overbalanced; he failed to take precautions against the mysterious fact "that nature in one of her grosser economies, has placed the seats of spiritual and amorous rapture so close to each other that one of them is very likely to arouse the other." He returned abashed to America, slowly to lose his faith. In the meantime, the family had met the aged Walt Whitman, the girls were ardent for higher education and read quantities of poetry to their admirers who soared after them in that "pre-nuptial flight pursued by such swarms as they can provoke" which was "the glory of every attractive young American female." Thus the tantalised boy heard the first intimation of culture and luck plus the strong-mindedness of other American female relations, got him out of the family bottle business to Harvard, Oxford, and on to literature.

Mr. Christopher Hollis's *Lenin* (Longmans; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is an addition to a literature which is rapidly growing to Napoleonic proportions. The long history of quarrels and futility in the lives of professional revolutionaries during the nineteenth century received in him its final contradiction. For the War, Lenin longed all his life. The interesting thing about his career is the way in which circumstance conspired at every point with his unrelenting purpose. In public life he had that machine quality of the man completely identified with a cause and an exact programme, but without the merely spectacular trappings of fanatics; in private life he was the quintessence of the good middle class professional man. Mr. Hollis, who disapproves of him publicly, admits this private virtue like everyone else. The most curious pages are those given to Lenin's letters from Siberia to his mother, when he describes a life more like something out of Turgenev's Sportsman's Sketches, than political exile; and the most illuminating are those which deal with Trotsky's part in the revolution. A good deal of the recent clean-up has its roots in this period; and while the faithful may not like Mr. Hollis's manner, those who can make allowances will be rewarded with revealing history well written. Lenin knew Russia better than any of his contemporaries; but this Marxist from the borders of Asia, who falsified one of the major canons of that prophet by making the Revolution in Russia, did not know Europe. Lenin's responsibility for Fascism is a considerable one.

The literature of exploration has few more charming characters than the younger Charcot of the *Pourquoi Pas?* Mlle. Marthe Oulié has written his life story in *Charcot of the Antarctic* (Murray; 12*s.* 6*d.*), and has happily given several chapters to the delightful French family from which he sprang. Both the elder Charcot, the famous neurologist, and the explorer son were outstanding characters; but where the father's genius had the steadying absorption of science, the brilliant son—perhaps conscious of the disadvantage of being the son of a famous father—had to find in exploration a new way of using his scientific talents where there would be no fear of meeting his father's ghost.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

Furs are rather like stocks and shares in that they fluctuate in popularity from season to season. The trend this year is towards unusual furs such as Virginia fox, which is yellow and black with striped markings. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are showing this fur made into a three-quarter-length coat with square shoulders and an easy swing. Another unusual pelt is guanaco, which closely resembles camel hair in colour and has white markings. The handsome coat above also comes from Debenham and Freebody, and is made in finest Canadian lynx. It is hip-length with a straight back and padded shoulders. Unfortunately, no photograph can really do justice to its beautiful markings and delicate colouring, which should be seen to be appreciated. Fitch is another fur which has come to the fore this season, whereas skunk, a revival, has never been more popular. Both make delightful capes, while fitch, with its golden colouring and velvety brown markings, looks particularly lovely at night

Two different types of smart evening sandals are shown on the left. They are both backless and cut away at the sides. The farther model is in gold kid with jigsaw stitching and a moderately high heel. An openwork Maltese cross design distinguishes the other shoe in gold and silver kid. This has a covered toe and a high Spanish heel. It costs four guineas, and comes from Dolcis, of Oxford Street and Brompton Road

Night and Day

The Court shoe above is very flattering to a long foot as it makes it appear inches shorter. It is toeless and backless, with cut-outs on the vamp and at the sides. In black satin trimmed with gold kid, it costs sixty-five and ninepence, while it is also made in white with silver. Dolcis have it, together with the other shoes on this page

There is something very gay and Oriental about the sandal above in black satin lacquered in gold and bright colours. The strap which runs round the back of the foot is attached to an elastic and expands with every movement. Hand-made, it costs four guineas, and, like the other evening shoes on this page, it comes from America. Touches of gold kid are introduced

For promenade wear, Dolcis are showing the shoes on the left. Those which are heavily perforated are in London tan calf with cut-outs across the vamp. They fasten at the sides with a buckle and have a Spanish heel. Gabardine and calf combine to make the becoming sandal Court shoe on the immediate left. Though cut away, it has a filled-in leather toe and covered heel. It costs thirty-five shillings and is obtainable in several colours

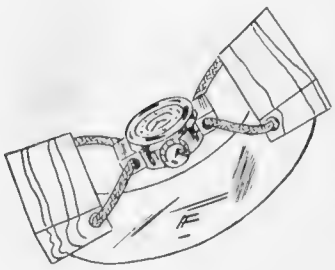
A thoroughly comfortable Swiss sports shoe is shown on the right in suéde and calf, with plaited leather thonging outlining the calf galosh. It has a flat Cuban heel and only costs thirty-five shillings. A Court shoe in black suéde is suggested for more frivolous occasions. It is piped with black patent, has a high Spanish heel, and costs twenty-nine and sixpence

Scott Bushe

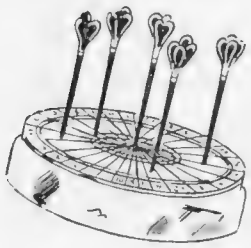
The Bystander Turns in search of Novelties

discovered by peta

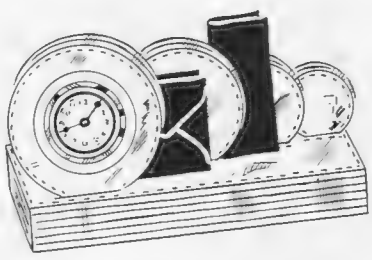
pictured by pam



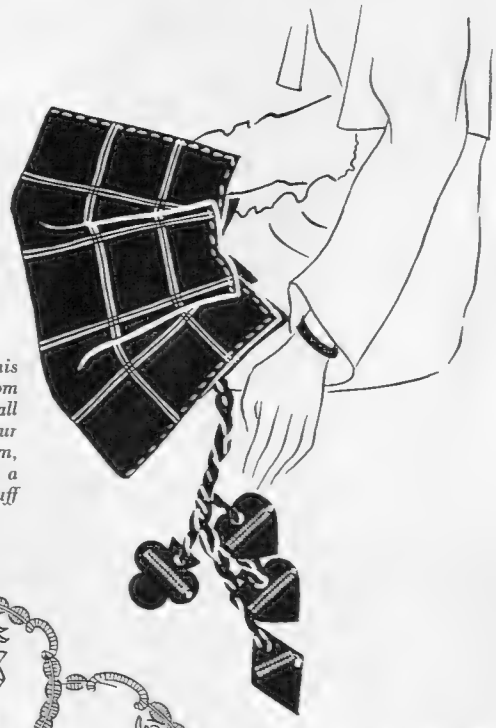
You will always be sure of the time if you buy this rocking blotter from Asprey's, of Bond Street. It is fitted with an eight-day watch which acts as a handle, and is held in a taut position by cords



You can either have a rather unconventional game of darts or pick the largest cherry with this amusing cocktail accessory from Asprey's. It costs 26s. 6d. and is a great success at any party. The board is a miniature replica of a full-size one



Writing paper and envelopes can be neatly arranged in this decorative letter-rack from Asprey's. It is made in pigskin stitched on solid leather, and only costs £4 17s. 6d., including the clock, which is thoroughly reliable



Suède muff-bags are news this season, and here is one from Asprey's containing several small purses in the shape of the four aces. It is roomy and warm, costs £3 17s. 6d., and is a smart alternative to a fur muff

Twisted ombré velvet shading from rose-pink to cornelian and mingled with touches of royal blue makes this hilarious cocktail hat sponsored by Condor. It perches at a somewhat rakish angle and is softened with veiling

Good luck will come your way if you balance this four-leaf clover on your head. It is made in brown velvet edged with kolinsky, and is included in Condor's autumn collection. Upstanding velvet bows give it a distinctly "perky" air

Though we realise that Marghab linens are not in any sense novelties, we have tried to reproduce something of their classic beauty. Sketched on the left are some table mats embroidered with six authentic types of sailing-ship. A set of eight with napkins costs £4 10s., and may be seen at 129, Mount Street

Small cocktail napkins suitable for use after any light refreshments are designed by Marghab in fine cambric linen or organdie. They are hand-embroidered in enamel colourings with tropical fish, weathercocks, and a variety of other designs. Those sketched are only 13s. 6d. a dozen

Golf Clubs at Home

Clacton-on-Sea

The Clacton-on-Sea Golf Club was founded in 1892 with a nine-hole course in the East Cliff Gardens. In 1908, the club moved out to its present site at the western end of Marine Parade. The course is laid out on a strip of level ground between the shore road and sea-wall

(1) A. J. Gardiner (director and ex-captain). (2) G. Hirst (captain). (3) William Gate (secretary). (4) E. A. Clutter (director and ex-captain). (5) R. R. Pennell. (6) J. F. Brown and R. J. Parsons. (7) A. Pennell. (8) W. Hughes (professional). (9) H. C. Houghton and H. M. Thomas. (10) N. L. Burgess and H. W. Learoyd

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Start at Worplesdon

As I write, the first four rounds of the Worplesdon Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes have been played, with the result that the following pairs are still in: Miss Wanda Morgan and K. A. S. Morrice, Miss Jacqueline Gordon and J. O. H. Greenly, Miss Audrey Regnart and K. G. Patrick, Miss Phyllis Wade and M. Gardner, Mrs. Garon and E. F. Storey, the Grant Whites, Miss Elsie Corlett and C. W. Mole, and Miss Dorothy Pearson and T. A. Bourn.

Miss Wade and Gardner, who are engaged, and the Grant Whites have played together in this tournament before, but I believe all the other pairs consist of golfers who have not played with each other before at Worplesdon.

The weather for the first three days was kind. It is true that there were one or two short rain-storms, but generally the spectators had little reason to complain, and it was warm enough for them to stand about on the mound on the left of the twelfth green and at other vantage points without wearing overcoats.

The course was not played nearly as fast as last year, when the long eleventh hole of 520 yards was within range of two shots for the majority of the players.

On the Wednesday the second and fifth holes, owing to the wind being against the players, could only be reached with two really good full shots, and the one-shot seventh and thirteenth holes were full drives for the ladies who had elected to drive at the odd holes. The playing conditions were not nearly so favourable to the holders, Mrs. Heppel and Crawley, as last year, who, after two comfortable victories, went out to Miss Regnart and Patrick, two very good golfers with plenty of experience.

Patrick has been in the final of the Scottish Amateur Championship, and Miss Regnart has nearly always done well in this tournament; in 1932, with Commander J. R. Johnstone as her partner, she reached the final, to become another of Miss Joyce Wethered's numerous victims.

Mrs. Heppel and Crawley won the first two holes, but lost the fifth, where they were unlikely to get home in two shots, and the match was all square at the eighth. Mrs. Heppel's side then lost the ninth and tenth, and, letting opportunities slip, were still two down and five to play, and the old superstition would have come off again if Patrick had not holed a putt of nearly three yards on the eighteenth green.

The Heathcoat-Amorys started by losing the first hole in their first match to a six, but after that they played thoroughly well to beat the Fishes by five and four. In the second round they had to play the Critchleys, and everyone expected a tremendous tussle, but often matches which look so good on paper fizzle out, and this one certainly did look like fizzling out when the Amorys were dormie four.

The match started by the Amorys winning the first hole in three, and when the Critchleys squared the match with a two at the fourth it certainly appeared that the spectators were going to witness a most interesting match. The eighth was a vital hole. The Critchleys appeared likely to win it, when Sir John holed a long putt and the General missed a very holeable one for the half. The Amorys were only one up at the turn. The Critchleys, due to errors by the male, lost the eleventh and thirteenth holes, and the female, not to be outdone, was responsible with two shots to bunkers for the loss of the fourteenth. Sir John, however, kept the match alive for three more holes by hitting a very long and very crooked tee shot at the fifteenth, and a very short and very straight putt at the sixteenth. Lady Heathcoat-Amory chipped dead at the seventeenth to win the match.

The Amorys went out on the Wednesday afternoon to a good young pair, Miss Gordon and Greenly. Sir John was rather wild, but made up for his wildness time and again by holing good putts. Miss Gordon flatly refused, unlike so many girls when they have had to face Lady Heathcoat-Amory, to hit the ball continually along the ground, and with her partner playing steadily, plus the run of the green, always had the match, which they finally won by four and two, in hand.

Miss Dorothy Pearson and Bourn, both former English champions, had a good draw, but made very heavy weather of their first four matches, and went to the nineteenth green in three of them.

As I write, they have got rid of so many bad shots that they must now be really dangerous. The Grant Whites were the only married couple in the last eight. They are good, but I think hardly good enough to win. It is now certain that fresh names will be engraved on the Cup this year, and this is all for the good of the tournament, which is one of the most enjoyable and informal of the year.

K. A. S. Morrice (Sunningdale) and Miss Wanda Morgan (Rochester) reached the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes finals by beating Miss Regnart and Patrick. Mr. Morrison discusses the early rounds on this page

The winners of the Worplesdon foursomes were Mrs. M. Garon (Addington) and E. F. Storey (Sunningdale). They beat Morrice and Miss Morgan, keeping a narrow lead all through the 36 holes, until they ran away to win 6 and 5

Miss Elsie Corlett (R. Lytham and St. Annes) and C. W. Mole (Calcot) lost their semi-final to Mrs. Garon and E. F. Storey by one hole, having beaten Miss D. Pearson and T. A. Bourn the round before

K. G. Patrick (Stirling) and Miss A. Regnart (Walton Heath), the other semi-finalists, lost 3 and 2 to Miss Morgan and Morrice, after a strenuous morning match with Miss Wade and M. R. Gardner

Winners and Prize Giver at Ranelagh

Miss Joy Winn (Aldeburgh) and Mrs. C. J. Armstrong (Royal Mid-Surrey), playing off 8, won the "Bystander" Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh by beating Miss Maureen Ruttle and Miss Anne Heywood 5 and 4 in the final. Between them here is Sir Harry Brittain, who presented the prizes

Runners-Up at Ranelagh

The youngest players, Maureen Ruttle, aged sixteen, and Anne Heywood, aged seventeen, were the Ranelagh runners-up. Their clubs are Ferndown and Prince's respectively, and their joint handicap was 11

"Bystander" Autumn Foursomes

Ranelagh and Roehampton : Chapter II

By Eleanor E. Helme

Runners-Up and Winners at Roehampton

Mrs. Llewellyn and Mrs. O'Neil Butler, of Wentworth, handicap 22, met Miss A. Esplen and Miss L. Esplen, of Wirrall, handicap 20, in the Roehampton final, and were beaten by 2 and 1. Miss Helme describes the sisters as wearing "the neatest trouser rig-outs of the meeting"

To be runner-up in the English Championship one week, and win BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes the next, really does seem a stout performance, whether you look at it from a golfing point of view or that of physical endurance, for it meant fifteen consecutive rounds of competition golf, the last seven of them under really horrible weather conditions.

That was Miss Joy Winn's performance, by dint of which she engraved her name on Autumn Foursomes cups for the second time of asking. Equally great was the effort of her partner, Mrs. Armstrong. Actually she seems nearly as good a golfer now as when she was Miss Sylvia Bailey; but she had played no golf for a year until four weeks before those Foursomes began. If Miss Winn might have been supposed to have had too much golf, Mrs. Armstrong might equally have made excuse that she had had too little. Instead, neither made any excuses at all, but went quietly on playing the best of golf, fitted in perfectly, and so reversed their twenty-first-hole defeat in the 1935 semi-final from Miss Morgan and Miss Chambers, the pair who won that year, and seemed set to win again this.

AT Roehampton it was the first time a pair of sisters had won, although Mrs. Kenneth Morrice and Lady Sanderson were once semi-finalists, so the two Miss Esplens had the satisfaction of a record, as well as a win. Roehampton must be described, not crowded out after the infuriating fashion of some of the daily Press; so why not begin there, and finish with Ranelagh?

Thursday morning was deliciously sunny, the little bit of jam in a horribly wild sandwich. Only one match went to the last green, and that was when Lady Headfort and Miss Barnes Gorell pulled themselves out of the fire against that good combination, Mrs. Pryor and Miss Offo, who gave them one stroke. The lead repeatedly changed hands, but the latter couple finally destroyed themselves in the trees at the eighteenth. Perhaps the wise golfer can always learn something from opponents' misfortunes; at all events, it was by a very well-judged second through those selfsame

(Continued on page 116)

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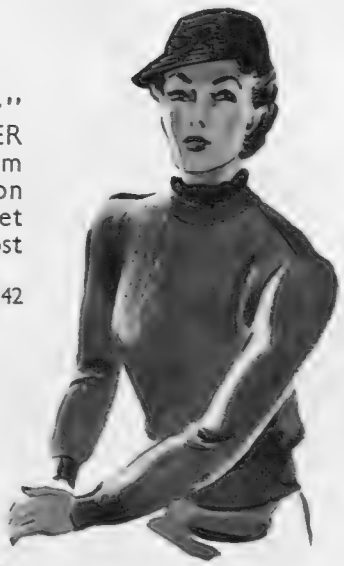

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"Bystander" Autumn Foursomes

(Continued from page 114)

trees that Lady Headfort finished off her afternoon match. That was another of the best matches of the day, square at the eleventh, Mrs. Bristowe and Mrs. H. J. T. Neilson winning the next two holes, Miss Barnes Gorell running-up well to take the lead back again at the seventeenth, and then Lady Headfort's excellent second aforesaid. This is always an effective couple, to be found progressing to the later stages at Roehampton, and prophecy that evening was frankly puzzled whether to go for them, for Mrs. O'Neil Butler and Mrs. Llewellyn (another pair always there or thereabouts, and with Mrs. Llewellyn playing excellently); for Mrs. Crutchley and Mrs. Field, where Mrs. Field was the mainstay; or for the Esplen sisters, who were not only the back-markers, but playing like it.

THE next morning the wind and the rain were back again, and since the Miss Esplens both play golf in glasses, it seemed as if the elements were determined to make things hard, if not impossible, for them. A more disgusting morning could hardly have been imagined, and undoubtedly it affected the quality of the golf.

The sisters had two shots to give to Mrs. Field, captain of the Stage L.G.C., and Mrs. Crutchley, but always seemed just a trifle on top. Good putting won them the fourth and the fifth, and a stymie the seventh; then the other side won two holes in succession, Mrs. Field's shot on to the ninth being a particularly stout one, and there was everything to play for again. The sisters then set about it in no uncertain

(Concluded on page 122)

Miss Pam Barton brought a fine patch-work umbrella with her for watching under at Ranelagh, and considerably brightened up the wet semi-finals morning

Miss P. Brown (Troon) and Miss Sheila Stroyan (Sunningdale) met "the babies," Miss Ruttle and Miss Heywood, in their Ranelagh semi-final and lost by 1 hole

Miss Doris Chambers (Wirrall) and Miss Wanda Morgan (Rochester) were the other Ranelagh semi-finalists, losing to the ultimate winners, Miss Winn and Mrs. Armstrong by 2 and 1

Mrs. A. C. Critchley and Mrs. Philip Hill lost in the third Ranelagh round to Miss Morgan and Miss Chambers. With them in the rain is General Critchley

Some Ranelagh Players—From Third Round to Semi-Finals

Miss Brenda Norris (West Hill) and Miss B. Pockett (Worthing) reached the last sixteen, then lost 2 and 1 to Mrs. S. W. Noakes and Miss Z. Bonner-Davis

Another fourth-round defeat was Mrs. Cecil Joll's and Mrs. Hugh Satchell's. This West Hill pair lost at the nineteenth to the runners-up

Mrs. J. M. Hanmer (Worplesdon) and Miss M. Black (Hawkstone Park) met Miss Morgan and Miss Chambers in the fourth round and lost to them by 6 and 5

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Mrs. S. Langley won the annual Newmarket town plate race which was run over Newmarket Heath last week, riding Mr. N. E. Dixon's Lucky Patch. She received the casket afterwards from Lord Rosebery

Mrs. Sandy Hutchison has good reason to look pleased, for she is leading in her Jolly Junior with Mr. Hutchison up, after he had ridden it to victory in the amateur steeplechase at Berrymoss, Kelso, to win the Royal Caledonian Cup

Howard Marshall on Sport

THE Rugby world is not exactly seething with excitement yet awhile, whereas the Association football enthusiasts are in the midst of tremendous affairs.

Next week, for instance, England play the Rest of Europe at Highbury, which sounds a pretty formidable prospect. The European team is indeed a League of Nations, with Germany, Italy, Hungary, France, Belgium, Norway and Switzerland all represented in the originally selected sixteen players. Remembering the close calls England have had with Continental teams in the past, it would appear that our chances are a little dubious, to say the least of it. It is, moreover, rather important that we should win, for national prestige is so closely involved in a game of football nowadays that defeat would be meat and drink to certain foreign propaganda Ministers.

I do not say this lightly, and, absurd though it may seem, victory is really of some moment. Fortunately, our authorities are taking the matter seriously. For once in a way we are keeping our players together. After the match between England and Wales at Cardiff next Saturday, the English team will be collected at Bushey, so that we should not take the field as a scratch side.

SOCCER this season has been strangely upset by injuries and vagaries of form. Never, I suppose, have the clubs had to switch their teams about so ruthlessly, and youth has had its chance with a vengeance. Fortunately for Soccer, the supply of youngsters appears to be unending and of remarkable quality.

I only wish we could think so cheerfully of Rugby football—not that I am depressed about the Rugby game, which goes its own quiet way, with occasional eruptions of mild controversy.

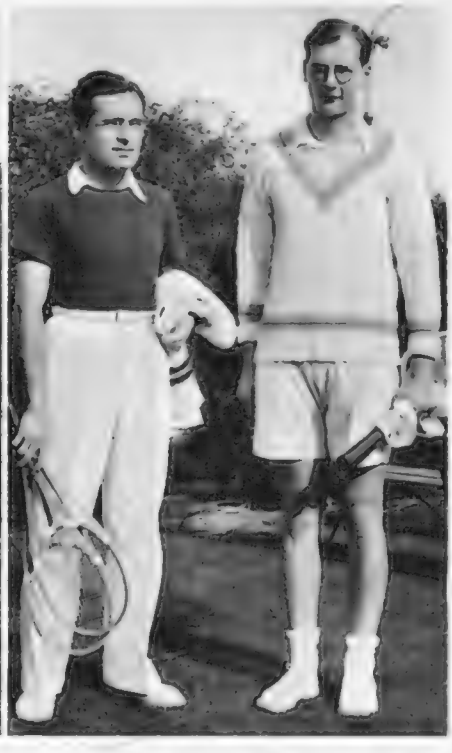
It is a little disturbing, however, to hear from Wales that the clubs are being very poorly supported. Attendances at club matches have dropped off very considerably in the Principality, and there are rumours of grave financial difficulty and even bankruptcy.

This is all very distressing when we remember the great days of Welsh football, though it is still possible that those days will return. There are plenty of fine players in Wales, but clubs will have to reconsider their basic strategy.

For some odd reason, destructive tactics have closed up the game in the Principality, and until the Welshmen begin to think more of attack than defence, they will be unable to attract the crowds who used to follow the leading clubs with such knowledge and enthusiasm.

(Concluded on page 120)

***The Prince of Kutch,** who played for India's Davis Cup team last time he was in this country, was an entrant for the national covered court championships at Queen's. He was beaten by a fellow countryman, C. L. Savara (right), after five sets*



***A. Hamburger,** of the Rumanian Davis Cup team, beat W. H. Earle in the Queen's tournament. Earle won a double Blue at Oxford—he captained the ski team and played in the lawn tennis team. Now studying music*

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C.F.H.

***Another British defeat** in the boxing world was witnessed by a large crowd at the N.S.C. when Johnny King, of Manchester, bantam-weight champion of Great Britain and the Empire, lost his title on points to an Italian, Gustave Ansini. The latter here takes a left to the mouth, which appears to surprise both recipient and donor*

Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 118)*

BEFORE long we shall begin to see whether the British touring team have brought back from South Africa any views on the game which are capable of affecting our methods of play.

From all I hear, there is only one principle which seems likely to influence our theories; and that is Sam Walker's conviction that the 3-4-1 method of packing should be generally adopted.

It is odd to find an Irishman leading a scrummaging revolution, if we can apply the word "revolution" to such a comparatively small adaptation of forward principles. 3-4-1 packing is nothing new over here. Many clubs have experimented with it; and so far I cannot believe that it has really proved appreciably more effective than the orthodox 3-2-3 formation.

It does, however, imply an attitude to the game which touches upon root principles. The 3-4-1 formation is primarily designed to produce quick heeling and quick breaking. It is not so well adapted to wheeling and straight shoving. And it seems to me an indication that we are taking a step further away from the principles of forward play which used to govern the game.

It is for this reason that I hope 3-4-1 packing will not be too widely adopted. Sam Walker's advocacy of it may force us to think afresh about the implications of scrummaging; and, when we have thought, it may be that we shall decide to use the 3-2-3 formation to its full extent.

Anyone who has ever packed down in a properly balanced and controlled 3-2-3 scrummage will know how adaptable and generally serviceable the formation is; and in my view it meets all the requirements of the modern game without sacrificing such essential weapons as the wheel and the straight shove.

NOW that Len Harvey and Eddie Phillips have definitely signed up for their fight next month, the heavyweight situation appears to be clarifying itself. I do not suggest that it is in a particularly exciting state, though rumours persist that Tommy Farr may before long come back and fight in this country.

In the meanwhile, Al Delaney, the young Canadian heavyweight, has returned to us and done something to improve his prospects in England by beating Merlo Preciso.

Delaney has most of the attributes of a really successful fighter, though his form against Preciso was not altogether convincing. He has speed and the physique; but so far he apparently lacks the ability to round off the fight with satisfactory precision. He rocked Preciso with some good punches but could not put him out. It is remarkable how rare is the boxer in the heavyweight class with a really destructive and conclusive punch. Most of the big men swing their punches and land—if they do land—with a kind of pillow-like thud.

What we want is a fighter who snaps home his punches with the full weight of his body behind them—the sort of punches which travel six inches and finish a contest abruptly.

I am glad to see, by the way, that Jack Petersen has been appointed a representative steward of the Boxing Board of Control. Petersen's continued interest in boxing is welcome, and, judging by the cheers which greeted him when he was introduced from the ring in Cardiff recently, his popularity is undiminished.

AN interesting golfing event booked for the end of this month is the ninth Branksome Challenge Cup meeting, October 29th and 30th. The event will be played over the Parkstone course and is confined to players staying at the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth. Entries close on October 25th, and should be sent to the Honorary Organiser, c/o. *Golf Illustrated*, 21, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1.

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"Bystander" Autumn Foursomes

(Continued from page 116)

fashion, had fours at each of the next five holes, winning four of them, and finished the match with a half at the fifteenth, where they gave a stroke, 4 and 3.

The other semi-final began sensationally with Mrs. Llewellyn holing a three-yard putt to win, after the side had been bunkered; matters were square at the twelfth, but then Mrs. Llewellyn and Mrs. O'Neil Butler forged ahead from Lady Headfort and Miss Barnes Gorell and won by 2 and 1.

In the final the weather was better; the sisters discarded the neatest trouser rig-outs of the meeting for skirts, the standard of play went up, and there was a thoroughly interesting match. The sisters had one stroke to give; turned square, lost the tenth, but were two up at the fifteenth, and with two more halves were the very worthy winners.

Mrs. W. H. Miller and Mrs. G. Sneyd (Walton Heath) reached the last sixteen at Roehampton, then were beaten in a nineteen-hole match by Mrs. Currie and Mrs. McKechnie

Mrs. Currie (Stoke Poges) and Mrs. McKechnie (Hendon) beat Mrs. E. Viner and Mrs. C. Cumberlege (Coombe Wood) in the first Roehampton round. They played their way to the fifth, and then lost to the runners-up Mrs. O'Neil Butler and Mrs Llewellyn, by 5 and 4

THEIR home club is Wirral, from which Miss Doris Chambers faithfully enters. On the Thursday people began to fancy—for the Miss Esplens were making their mark already—that both Roehampton and Ranelagh would be won by Wirral-ites. Certainly Miss Chambers and Miss Morgan seemed set, going round and round in more and more under fours each time. If they were a trifle less deadly against Miss Black and Mrs. Hanmer on the Thursday morning, by the afternoon they were back at their best, out in 33, with not only Miss Morgan playing gloriously, but Miss Chambers hitting the pin with pitches and holing run-ups, and altogether giving no chances at all to Miss Tapsfield and Miss Mordaunt, to whom they gave five strokes. They had only hit the ball fifty-one times when they won on the fourteenth green.

Close fighting was the order of the morning: Miss Winn and Mrs. Armstrong had their toughest do, only winning on the last green from Mrs. Pritt and Miss Townend; there, too, Miss Mordaunt's side beat Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Brindle; Miss Sheila Stroyan and Miss Brown struggled home there from Miss Rosamund Morgan and Miss Paine, after winning the third in 2, halving the fourteenth in 2, and winning the seventeenth and eighteenth—the last by a dead stymie. Even eighteen holes was not enough for the youngest pair, Anne Heywood and Maureen Ruttle: round in 73, they finished square with Mrs. Satchell and Mrs. Joll, and had to hole a four-foot putt to win at the nineteenth.

That afternoon saw the babies, as they were affectionately nicknamed, having a desperate time with Miss Lake and Mrs. Grant White, for, after being 4 up at the twelfth, they lost the next four holes, the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth to 3, 2, 3. After that landslide, it did the young pair immense credit that they steadied themselves to win the seventeenth and halve the eighteenth. Miss Stroyan and Miss Brown were never down to Mrs. Noakes and Miss Bonner Davis, whom they beat 3 and 2; and Miss Winn and Mrs. Armstrong won by the same margin from Miss Moss-Blundell and Miss Goodliff.

IN the semi-finals, Miss Winn and Mrs. Armstrong set a very high standard round and on the greens; Miss Morgan and Miss Chambers had three strokes to give them; these things and a visit to the Beverley Brook were sufficient reason for the result—2 and 1 for Miss Winn's side. Anne Heywood and Maureen Ruttle were out in 35 and 3 up at the tenth, after getting their one stroke of the round there. Then Miss Brown and Miss Stroyan made a noble rally and only lost, rather unluckily, by a dead stymie on the last green.

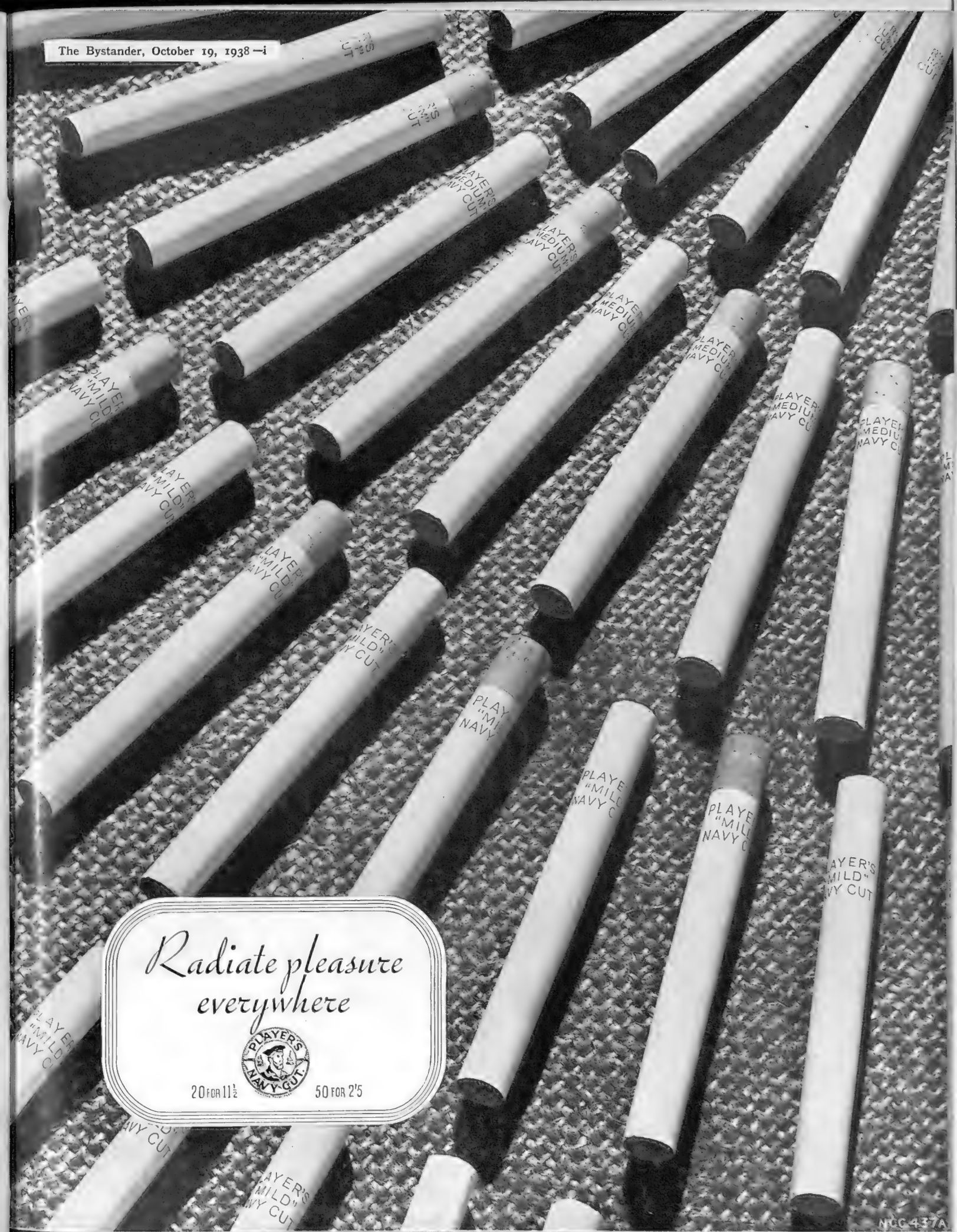
Level fours represented Miss Winn and Mrs. Armstrong's golf in the final, and it did infinite credit to the young pair that they lost by no more than 5 and 4, as they had only one stroke to help them. Maureen Ruttle has had plenty of big golf experience already; Anne Heywood is fast acquiring it, and Whiting has good reason to be proud of his pupil; both should go very far in due time if they do not over-play now.

Miss Winn's side gave an excellent exhibition of the short game, Miss Heywood's of sticking to a forlorn hope; both well deserved all they received in due course from Sir Harry Brittain, who presented the cups and prizes, and kept everybody laughing with the story of his hole in one. And what was more, kept them clapping over his announcement that Ranelagh is going on as a golf course. That is the news we all want; what would the autumn be without Ranelagh, Roehampton and Worplesdon?

In this semi-finals group at Roehampton are Mrs. O'Neil Butler and Mrs. Llewellyn, runners-up; Mrs. J. W. Field and Mrs. Crutchley, who lost one semi-final to the winners, Miss Joan Barnes Gorell, beaten in the other (with her partner, Lady Headfort) by the runners-up, and in front Miss L. and Miss A. Esplen, the winners

Mrs. Sangwin and Mrs. J. Moss (Grim's Dyke) were another pair knocked out in the fourth round. The winners, the Misses Esplen, beat them by 3 and 1

WORPLESDON is beginning as I write. The Amorys are over a stiff fence in the Critchleys; Miss Wanda Morgan and Alec Morrice are going extremely well; the holders (Mrs. Heppel and Crawley) are still holding; Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Mr. John Morrison are going well. More must wait till next week.



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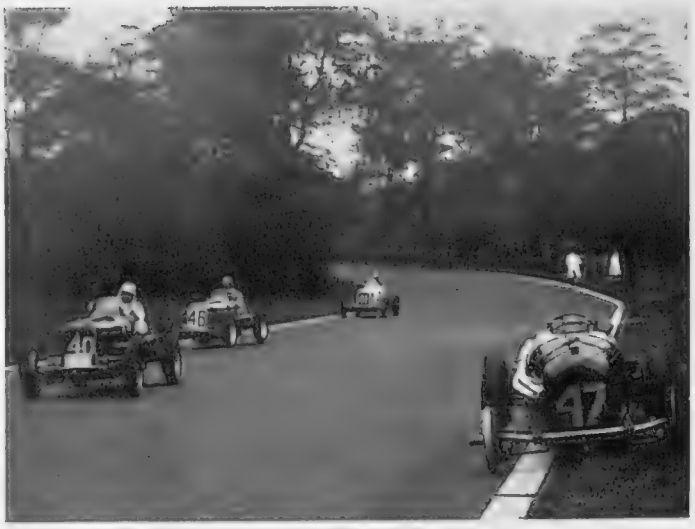

A front wheel came off A. F. Ashby's Alfa-Romeo in the Imperial Trophy race at the Crystal Palace, but by luck and skill he pulled in to the verge. Flashing by are Peter Aitken, Tony Rolt, Arthur Dobson. The race was won by that up-and-coming young driver, G. Abecassis, in a 1½-litre Alta

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE Motor Show this year is more interesting than ever—and this despite the fact that the majority of manufacturers have concentrated more upon perfecting 1938 models rather than branching out with revolutionary new designs. Progress is all very well, but in industry as in war there comes a time when the consolidation of territory occupied becomes of greater tactical value than the unreasonably hazardous pursuit of continuing to forge on. What beats me is that, notwithstanding soaring production costs, the super-refinements to be found on the 1939 cars have generally been incorporated without an increase in price—and often with a slight decrease.

Some of the exhibits in the Accessories Section are intensely ingenious. Test-your-strength machines, electric eels, the voices of the fastest men on earth, and microphone rooms are some of the attractions among the ten miles of stands. Speed kings on the telephone is one of the attractions on the Castrol stand. The visitor lifts a telephone-receiver and hears the voices of Captain George Eyston and others describing their speed thrills. The speech by Captain Eyston was written as he crossed the Atlantic, homeward bound aboard the Queen Mary, which berthed at Southampton only a few hours before the Show opened. Changing from high-speed record-breaking to record-making, Eyston made a dash to London, where the wax recording of his voice was completed. The only live exhibit at the Show is an electric eel from the Amazon River, on the Exide Battery stand. This eel, which produces a small electric discharge, has been ingeniously used to light a Neon lamp.

NOW the war scare is over, we can look forward to an unimpaired Donington Grand Prix next Saturday with both the German teams and the French Delahayes there fighting like billy-o—whatever billy-o may be! It is important to note, however, that with the passing of summer-time (not that we have really had a summer) the time of the start has had to be put forward to twelve o'clock noon.

The B.B.C. are giving a running commentary as originally planned, and in my two-by-four broadcasting box at the "hair-pin" I am looking forward to the thrill of a lifetime as the cars charge down the hill straight at me at 120 m.p.h. Televising the recent Crystal Palace meeting was a very interesting experience, rendered all the more interesting by virtue of the fact that I commented hard all the way through Heat One of the Imperial Trophy Race, only to find at the end that my microphone had "blown up" at the start! It was, I feel, a considerable honour to be the first person to televise the Motor Show, and I only hope that the transmission was not too badly overshadowed by my flamboyant attire on the second night, when I dashed to Earls Court straight from the M.G. dinner-dance at the Park Lane Hotel, returning later to resume the enjoyment of a most cheery function.

TUESDAY of last week was indeed a hectic day. First of all there was the exhibition of the new Chrysler and Dodge cars at Kew—and very beautiful they are, believe me. Then came the exceedingly joyous duty of welcoming home Captain G. E. T. Eyston, weighed down with laurels and a super-healthy sun-tan.

(*Concluded on page* iv)

SIX PASSENGERS IN SEARCH OF A CAR will find there is plenty of room for themselves and a driver in the Austin '18'. The Austin "Windsor" and "Iver" 7-seater Saloons are remarkable cars. They are big but easy to handle; fast but they are safe; powerful but they are quiet. For those who want a smaller car of the same horse-power, to seat five instead of seven, there is the "Norfolk" Saloon.

To drive an Austin '18' is to experience a new feeling of confidence and control. From the driving seat there is a clear view well over the bonnet and both side-lamps are visible. The improved engine with aluminium cylinder-head gives a very brisk performance. The car has adjustable steering, pistol-grip handbrake, synchro-mesh gears, powerful Girling brakes and many other features of mechanical interest. The comfort of the car is all-embracing and the equipment complete to the smallest detail. You can depend on an Austin.

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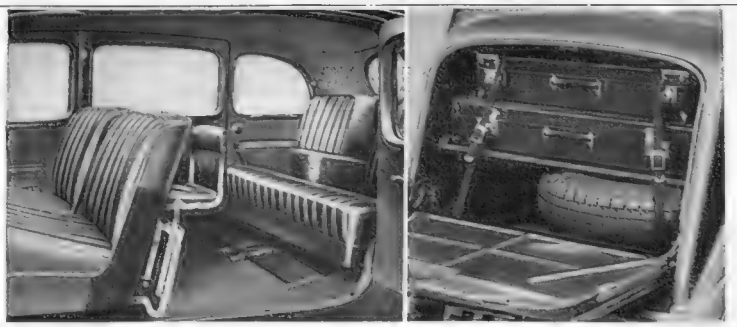
SPACIOUS INVITATION. *Look at this inviting Austin '18' interior providing luxurious travel for 7 people. Wide doors, a flat floor without foot-wells or transmission tunnel, luxurious upholstery—a car in which to lie back and relax.*

LOTS OF LOCKER ROOM. *No luggage worries here either. The large built-in luggage locker houses two smart roomy suitcases and the spare wheel secure from mud and dust.*



Have you seen this month's Austin Magazine?

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WINDSOR	
7-seater sliding-head Saloon	£375
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5-seater sliding-head Saloon	£355
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357 M.P.H.

(Subject to official confirmation)

CAPT. EYSTON IS PLUS A BIG RECORD

BP ETHYL

BECAUSE HE USED

Plus a little something

Capt. Eyston's Fuel was a blend of 'BP' Ethyl specially made in England and shipped to America for his use.

The New Series "E" Morris "Eight"

The model illustrated is a two-door sliding-head saloon

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page ii)*

Off again—this time to Stewart and Ardern's to view the marvellous little new and even roomier Morris "Eight" saloon at its fabulously low price of £128! Finally, a quick visit to Oddenino's, where Mr. Bluemel was acting host to a number of us and showing us a new film called *Facts About Figures*, which turned out to be facts about the Bluemel telescopic steering-wheel.

Oh, I almost forgot to mention it, but there were also two flying visits to the embryo Motor Show during the day—one to keep an appointment to examine really thoroughly the new and sumptuous Rolls-Royce "Wraith," and the other—believe it or not—to sound a motor horn!

The Lucas Company have been doing Big Business on their stand, letting people press Button "B," so to speak, and listen through a telephone to the horn blowing *outside* the Exhibition—actually, the horns are mounted on the roof. I can honestly say I have never got such a kick out of sounding a motor horn as this gave me—but please don't ask me why!

WELL, with next Saturday's Donington Grand Prix, the 1938 European racing season comes to an end, but already there are signs of activity for next year. It is announced by the R.A.C. that the following dates have been allotted by the International Sporting Committee to the various countries concerned, for the principal International motoring events in 1939:

America	Indianapolis "500"	May 30
Belgium	Belgian Grand Prix	June 25
France	Grand Prix de l'A.C.F.	July 9
Germany	German Grand Prix	July 23
Switzerland	Swiss Grand Prix	August 20
Great Britain	R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race	September 2
Italy	Italian Grand Prix	September 10

In addition, the following priority International dates were agreed for 1939:

South Africa	South African Grand Prix	January 2
Eire	Cork International Meeting	April 21-22
Egypt	Cairo International Rally	April 29
Finland	Elaintarahanajo—Djurgardsloppet	May 7
Rumania	Course de Côte de Feleac	June 4
Portugal	Circuit de Vila Real	June 18
Czechoslovakia	Grand Prix Masaryk	September 24
Brazil	Grand Prix de la Ville de Rio	October 8

BY the time these notes appear in print, Major A. T. G. Gardner will probably have made his attempt on the International Class G records up to five miles in his really lovely little 10-h.p. M.G. (1086 c.c.). Major Gardner already holds the maximum record in this class at 148·8 m.p.h., and with his new car, in the creation of which Viscount Nuffield has taken a personal interest, he hopes to push this remarkable speed up to something more than 160 m.p.h.

The car is indeed a thing of beauty. Its super-streamlined shell, designed by Reid Railton, is reminiscent of the records-breaking Mercedes-Benz driven by Caracciola at Avus and on the Frankfurt autobahn. An interesting feature of the M.G. is its sodium-cooled exhaust valves, while it also has a quickly detachable steering-wheel (almost square in shape) to facilitate entry and exit from the enclosed cockpit. Another is the clever manner in which every possible inch of space has been saved. The over-all length of the car is only 16 ft., and the height from the under-shield to the top surface is no more than 26 in. And Major Gardner, know ye, is over 6 ft. in height, yet he gets into the car without coiling up!

25/30 H.P.

"WRAITH"

Dear Sirs,

After my run in the "WRAITH" to-day I should like to tell you that the perfect way in which the car behaved under the appalling traffic conditions prevailing was an absolute nerve tonic.

The car is a joy to handle, and its perfect workmanship and finish is an example of engineering at its highest level.

Yours faithfully,

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'Planes in the News

By Charles Ward

Long-Distance Flights

THE seaplane "Mercury" has justified to its wing-tips, the faith placed in mid-air launching as evolved by Major Mayo. Loaded to 45 pounds per square foot and 20 pounds per horse-power developed by its four Napier "Rapier" engines, it flew more than 6000 miles non-stop to South Africa. Bad weather conditions prevented the pilot from claiming the world's long-distance record from Russia, but the test has shown that "Mercury" is capable of a greater effort. Consumption figures are interesting — approximately three miles to the gallon. Cruising speed varied from 163 to 128 miles per hour, but the average was far higher than that attained on any previous record-breaking journey over such a distance. Greater weight, coupled with a higher launching speed, will be of special importance for Service operations. The next flight of "Mercury" is undecided—across the Atlantic with a load of mail; from London to Bombay, or to Mombasa. Any of these would be a useful exercise and a demonstration of air striking power. Catapult launching could not achieve such results, though refuelling in the air is an alternative. Meanwhile, four Vickers' "Wellesley" monoplanes are standing by for an attempt on the non-stop record. Their construction is such that an immense load can be lifted from the ground, and their engines are designed for economical cruising to such an extent that 7000 miles non-stop is not improbable. The particular attention paid in this country to long-distance flight is for the reason that we are vulnerable to air attack at points separated by distances up to 12,000 miles. The defence of the Empire necessitates a mobile force, capable of moving between England, South Africa, India, Australia, or even Canada, at short notice and in a period of a few days. Range is of special importance. Speed has been studied also. One of our latest twin-engined bombers sold to Sweden, an essentially neutral or friendly country in time of war, was flown from Heston a distance of 1100 miles non-stop at an average of 220 miles per hour. Incidentally, this supplies an answer to those who assert that we have not produced aircraft to compare in performance to those from America. The aircraft are in production,

(Concluded on page viii)

Charles E. Brown

Three "Gladiators" keeping close contact. Pilots in fighter squadrons are trained to perform aerobatics and make cross-country journeys whilst each flight of three aircraft is tied together with ropes. The most spectacular cross-country trip undertaken tied together was one from London to Paris

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EYES

set in loose, wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune and ill-health. This imperfection of the skin destroys the natural expression of even the brightest eyes. The Hystogen method corrects painlessly and permanently all facial imperfections, and saves the face from premature decay. It is the only scientific and genuine method to improve the face, approved by the medical profession of the world. 10,000 men and women have already benefited by this miraculous method, without the aid of which many would have to retire from active life. Call for a free consultation or write for literature. Hours 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. If in doubt call with your doctor.

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Details are as follows. R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY" overall length 34 ins. Price £3 3s. Carriage inland 1/6, abroad 5/9. South Africa 8/3. H.M.S. "NELSON" overall length 26 ins. Price £1 15s. Carriage inland 1/6, abroad 4/-. South Africa 5/9.

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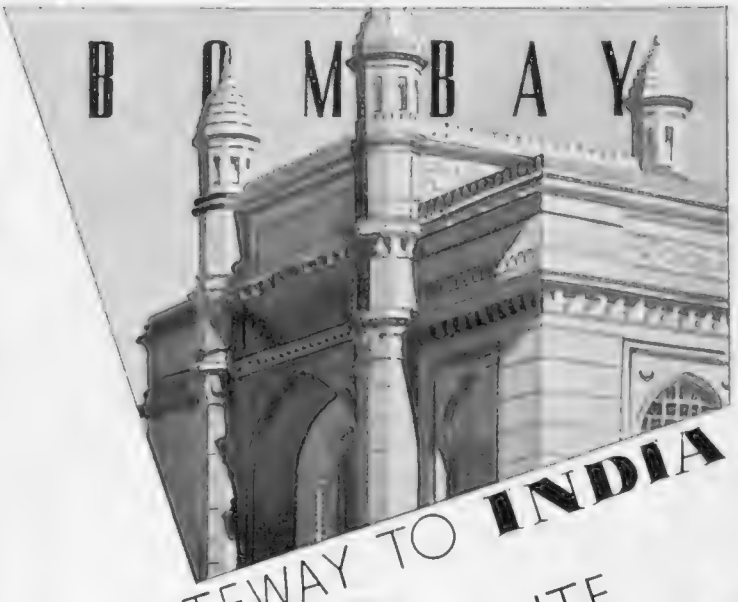

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"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

'Planes in the News

(Continued from page vi)

but for Service and not civil purposes. It is true that the Handley Page "Hampden," the type in question, could not carry many passengers, but a similar design with a cabin would lose little in speed.

On the Civil Side

RECRUITING for the Civil Air Guard has ceased, until the Clubs have digested some 30,000 applicants who wish to fly. Shortage of cheap training aircraft and instructors has produced this result. Ground subjects are to be taught during the winter to those who cannot get into the air, and in this connection I would recommend a book by Nigel Tangye, *Teach Yourself to Fly*, which is a common-sense approach to the objective, written by a man who is a specially sympathetic instructor himself. It is published by English Universities Press at the almost nominal sum of two shillings. Nigel Tangye's theory is that the elementary part of flying can be appreciated from a mental picture of the art, and he has succeeded in conveying it in his book. The Balloon Barrage offers an opening to those interested in air defence who are unsuitable to become pilots for reasons of age or temperament. It is an essential part of our protection against attack, though people who have never flown as pilots don't seem to understand the fear inspired by the thought of collision with a steel cable.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the BYSTANDER during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

September Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Sheila M. Stroyan	Berkshire	74	4	70	77	7 below
Mrs. Scanes	Exeter	77	10	67	74	7 "
Miss Jean Hill	Troon	79	11	68	75	7 "
Miss J. Bisgood	Stoke Poges	87	18	69	76	7 "
Miss Hall	Birkdale	87	18	69	76	7 "
Miss C. Downes	Pannal	85	15	70	76	6 "
Miss J. Saunders	Stoke Poges	86	16	70	76	6 "
Mrs. C. B. Radcliffe	Ranfurly Castle	89	17	72	78	6 "
Miss N. Warren	Chislehurst	69	4	65	70	5 "
Miss E. Price	Stoke Poges	78	7	71	76	5 "
Mrs. F. Ackroyd	Filey	81	10	71	76	5 "
Miss E. Cross	Stoke Poges	81	10	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Barbour	Birkdale	75	3	72	76	4 "
Miss P. Mitchell	Chislehurst	71	5	66	70	4 "
Mrs. Brierley	Hook Park	79	11	68	72	4 "
Miss J. Bardsley	Wilpshire	85	14	71	75	4 "
Miss Harris	Eastbourne Downs	84	17	67	71	4 "
Mrs. W. M. Whitfield	Prestbury and Upton	75	3	72	75	3 "
Miss R. Brown	Chislehurst	71	4	67	70	3 "
Mrs. Cecil Joll	Stoke Poges	79	6	73	76	3 "
Mrs. Mackean	Gullane No. 1	79	6	73	76	3 "
Mrs. E. Taylor	North Worcestershire	79	10	69	72	3 "
Mrs. Care	Beverley and E. Riding	81	11	70	73	3 "
Miss P. Purchase	Stoke Poges	86	13	73	76	3 "
Miss D. F. Knapp	Burford	84	13	71	74	3 "
Mrs. W. Fargus	Hornsea	87	14	73	76	3 "
Mrs. Carswell	Liberton	81	14	67	70	3 "
Miss G. Baines	Formby	85	15	70	73	3 "
Miss E. Wilkinson	West Bradford	84	16	68	71	3 "
Miss C. Waite	Market Rasen and District	80	17	60	63	3 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss S. Oakley	Stoke Poges	84	19	65	76	11 below
Mrs. Loseby	Kirby Muxloe	94	32	62	73	11 "
Mrs. J. Drummond Morris	Turnhouse	101	36	65	76	11 "
Miss J. S. Turner	Ealing	89	24	65	75	10 "
Mrs. K. Thomas	St. Mellons	99	35	64	74	10 "
Mrs. O. Blake	Gt. Yarmouth and Caister	85	19	66	75	9 "
Mrs. K. M. March	Walmley	91	27	64	73	9 "
Mrs. Butler	Bloxwich	94	29	65	74	9 "
Miss V. A. M. Wilkinson	Chevin	97	34	63	72	9 "
Mrs. Cutting	Hull	98	31	67	75	8 "
Mrs. E. Nixon	Saltburn	96	32	64	72	8 "
Mrs. Millar	Camberley Heath	95	29	66	73	7 "
Mrs. W. M. Gradon	Lymm	92	29	63	70	7 "
Mrs. W. Gibson	Hamilton, New Zealand	99	34	65	72	7 "
Mrs. W. G. Young	Worksop	97	34	63	70	7 "
Mrs. Smart	Datchet	99	32	67	74	7 "
Mrs. Speid Sinclair	West Kent	89	19	70	76	6 "
Mrs. H. T. Tate	Sherwood Forest	93	25	68	74	6 "
Mrs. T. C. Fraser	Hamilton, New Zealand	94	28	66	74	6 "
Mrs. Exton	Sherwood Forest	97	29	68	74	6 "
Miss A. Gillies	Hamilton, New Zealand	97	31	66	74	6 "
Mrs. Grant	Birkdale	101	31	70	76	6 "
Mrs. H. M. Davidson	Dulwich and Sydenham	104	35	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Lane	Sherwood Forest	104	36	68	74	6 "
Lady Vestey	Woodcote Park	89	19	70	75	5 "
Mrs. S. Adams	Trentham	88	19	69	76	5 "
Miss M. Eastoe	Gt. Yarmouth and Caister	97	27	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Simcox	Warrington	95	27	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Ley	Gt. Yarmouth and Caister	98	28	70	75	5 "
Miss R. J. Ayres	Worthing (Upper)	94	29	65	70	5 "

A scratch spoon is awarded to Mrs. J. B. Watson, whose 75, one below the par of 76 at Gullane No. 1, fails to win a spoon under handicap, though it is the best scratch score of the month.

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ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Vandyk

Jean Bakker

Is engaged to Lieut. Edward S. W. Maclure, R.N., younger son of Sir John Maclure, Bt., and Lady Maclure, of Brantwood, West Byfleet, Surrey. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Bakker, of Sydney, Australia

Lenare

Joan Tudor-Edwards

Is the only daughter of the late James Tudor-Edwards and Mrs. Edward Bramall, of Trekenning House, St. Columb, Cornwall. She is engaged to John Gunning, Manchester Regt., son of the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Gunning, of the Rectory, St. Mawgan, Cornwall

Kay Vaughan

Cynthia Barlow

Is the younger daughter of the late Keith Barlow, and Mrs. Barlow, of 3, Vicarage Gate, W.8, and is engaged to Captain Noel Reeves, the Buffs, elder son of the late Major F. S. Reeves, and Mrs. Reeves, of Oaklands, Rye, Sussex

Navana

Maureen Inskip-Read

Is engaged to Donald Walker, R.A.F., second son of the late H. Walker, and Mrs. R. G. Shannon, of Anglesey. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Inskip-Read, of 154, Grove Hall Court, N.W.8, and Hove

Pearl Freeman

Jacqueline Hope

Is being married in November to Captain Malcolm Douglas, Royal Artillery, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Douglas, of Heswall, Cheshire. She is the younger daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Herbert Hope, of Glannelyg, Llechryd, Cardiganshire

Lenare

Patsy Johnson

Is the elder daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. Dudley Johnson, of Abbey House, Colchester. Her fiancé is Douglas de Hochepied Larpent, 5th Fusiliers, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. de Hochepied Larpent, of the Moat, Copford, Colchester

Lenare

Joan Isobel Phipps

Has announced her engagement to John Walter Swayne, second son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. O. R. Swayne, of Tillington Court, Hereford. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Phipps, of 4, Roland Gardens, S.W.7

Lenare

Anne Mary Bates

Is engaged to Frederick Vernon Keighley, elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Vernon Keighley, of Redesdale, the Park, Cheltenham. She is the only child of Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Bates, of Manydown Park, Basingstoke, Hants.

Fayer

Claude Rosemary Dove

Is engaged to Peter George Calvert, youngest son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Calvert, of Ockley Court, Surrey. She is the elder daughter of A. W. D. Dove, of 54, Crescent Road, Kingston Hill, Surrey, and Mrs. R. F. Binnie, of South Africa

Douglas

Rosemary Bird

Is engaged to Nigel Stuart Hunter, Seaforth Highlanders, elder son of the late Lieut.-Col. C. S. Hunter and Mrs. Hunter, of Rookery Farm, West Bergholt, Essex. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Bird, of 103, Iverna Court, W.

Lenare

Norah Welchman

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Welchman, of Grove House, Winchester. She has announced her engagement to Roger Pigot Williams, the Hampshire Regiment, youngest son of the late Admiral and Mrs. Pigot Williams, of Bedhampton, Hants.

Tunbridge

Helen McClure Smith

Is engaged to Duane Reed Stuart, elder son of Professor and Mrs. D. R. Stuart, of Princeton, New Jersey, U.S.A. She is the younger daughter of the late W. A. McClure Smith, of Melbourne, and Mrs. McClure Smith, of 39, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7

(Continued on page 13)

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Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Wilkins — Parsons

Edward Geoffrey Wilkins and Magdalen Jeanne Parsons were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens. He is the second son of the late George Charles Wilkins and Mrs. Wilkins; she is the younger daughter of the late William Parsons and Mrs. Parsons, of 7, Alexander Square, S.W.3

Taylor — Roundell

It was a St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, wedding between Robert Henry Cuninghame Taylor, only son of Colonel R. J. F. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, of Linden Park, Tunbridge Wells, and Prudence Foulis Roundell, youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Roundell, of Burlyns, Newbury, and 219, Knightsbridge

Holmes — Smith

It was a Glasgow wedding at Belhaven Church between Archibald Love Holmes, son of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Holmes, of Glendoune, Bearsden, and Eileen Smith, younger daughter of the late James Smith and Mrs. Smith, of Crosbie Tower, Troon, Ayrshire

Lander — Pearson

John Gerard Heath Lander, son of the late Rt. Rev. G. H. Lander, formerly Bishop of Hong Kong, and Mrs. Lander, of Heathland, Canford Cliffs, Bournemouth, and Kathleen Elizabeth Frances (Betty) Pearson, daughter of Mr. R. F. M. Pearson, C.B.E., and the late Mrs. Pearson, of Bonaventure, Parkstone, Dorset, were married at Bournemouth

Ledger — Eve

The wedding at West Wickham (with a reception at Wickham Court) took place on October 1st between Peter Walton Ledger and Barbara Nancy Eve. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Ledger, of Greenhayes, Beckenham; the bride is the only daughter of Mr. J. L. Eve, of 10, Park Avenue, Bromley, and the late Mrs. Eve

Gaskell — Wedderburn

Eric Arthur Gaskell, son of the late Rev. A. H. Gaskell and Mrs. Gaskell, of Fowthorpe, Filey, Yorks., married Elizabeth Maxwell (Betty) Wedderburn at Holy Trinity, Brompton. She is the daughter of Mr. M. M. Wedderburn, chief secretary of Ceylon, and Mrs. Wedderburn, of Temple Trees, Colombo, Ceylon

Allan — Godfrey

Colin Allan, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. Allan, of Braelossie, Elgin, and Barbara Godfrey, only daughter of Major C. V. Godfrey, Chief Constable of Salford, and Mrs. Godfrey, of Claremont Meadow, Pendleton, Lancs., were married at St. Peter's, Vere Street

Baxter — Taylor

R. W. Gordon Baxter, of Glasgow and London, son of Mr. Peter Baxter, of Ballyvain, Newlands, Glasgow, married Lalla Taylor at Giffnock, Glasgow. She is the daughter of Mr. James Taylor, F.R.I.B.A., a well-known Glasgow architect. The bridegroom's father is director of several steel and coal companies

Hancock — Gilbey

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Charles Magin Coulter Hancock, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Coulter Hancock, of Truro, Cornwall, married Olive Margaret Gilbey, youngest daughter of the late Gilbert Gilbey and Mrs. Gilbey, of Overthorpe Hall, near Banbury Cross

(Concluded on page F)

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Getting Married

(Continued from page D)

Cannons of Hollywood

Elizabeth Madden

Elizabeth Madden is the youngest daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden and Lady Madden, of Broadstone, Forest Row, Sussex. She is engaged to Raymond Guy Vere Nicoll, son of Dr. and Mrs. Vere Nicoll, of Lindsey House, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. Miss Madden is a 1938 debutante

Fayer

Barbara Susan Hoare

Barbara Susan Hoare is to marry Capt. Richard F. S. Gooch, Coldstream Guards, youngest son of Sir Thomas Gooch, Bt., of Benacre Hall, Wrentham, Suffolk, and the late Lady Gooch. She is the daughter of the late William D. Hoare, and Mrs. Hoare, of Guessens, Welwyn, Herts.

Lenare

Lore Maria Gelan

Baroness Lore Maria Gelan is the only child of Baron and Baroness Gelan, of Vienna, Austria; she will be married on November 17th at St. James's, Piccadilly, to Alexis Haig Anderson, only surviving son of the late A. C. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, of Devonshaw, by Dollar, Scotland

Lenare

Margaret Clemson

Margaret Clemson is the only daughter of the late John Oliver Clemson and Mrs. B. C. James, of Woodtown, Bideford, N. Devon. She is engaged to Hugo Romer Nicholson, 14th/20th King's Hussars, only son of the late Capt. Eric Nicholson and the Countess of Breadalbane

Lenare

Naomi Badnall

Naomi Badnall has announced her engagement to Sir John Lawes-Wittewronge, Bt., of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Blue Nile Province. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot W. Badnall, of 17, Irvine Court, Porchester Terrace, W.2

Bassano

Rhona Macpherson

Rhona Macpherson (christened Helen Catriona Stewart) is the daughter of Sir Stewart and Lady Macpherson, of Newtonmore, Inverness-shire. Her fiancé is James Asher Mackintosh, son of Professor James Mackintosh, K.C., Sheriff of Ross, Cromarty and Sutherland, and Mrs. Mackintosh, of 6, Clarendon Cres., Edinburgh

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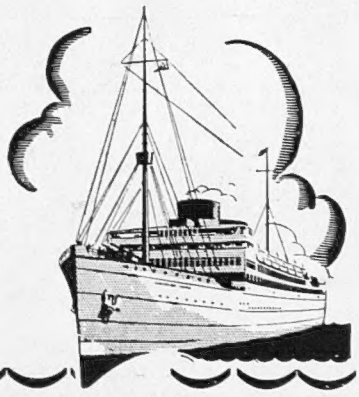

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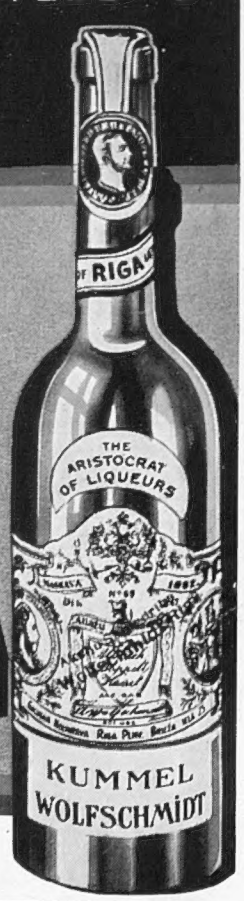

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